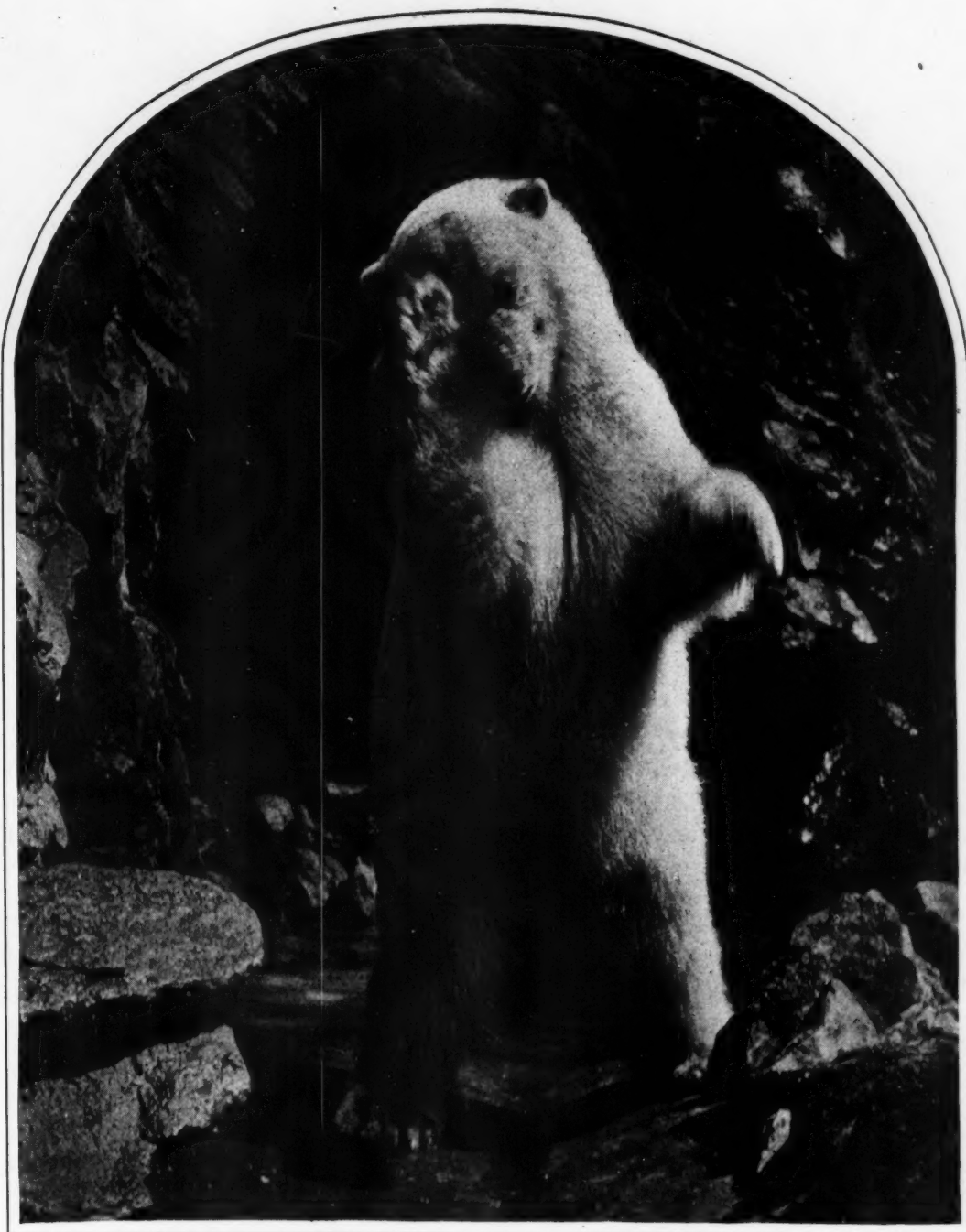


December 31, 1925

The YOUTH'S COMPANION

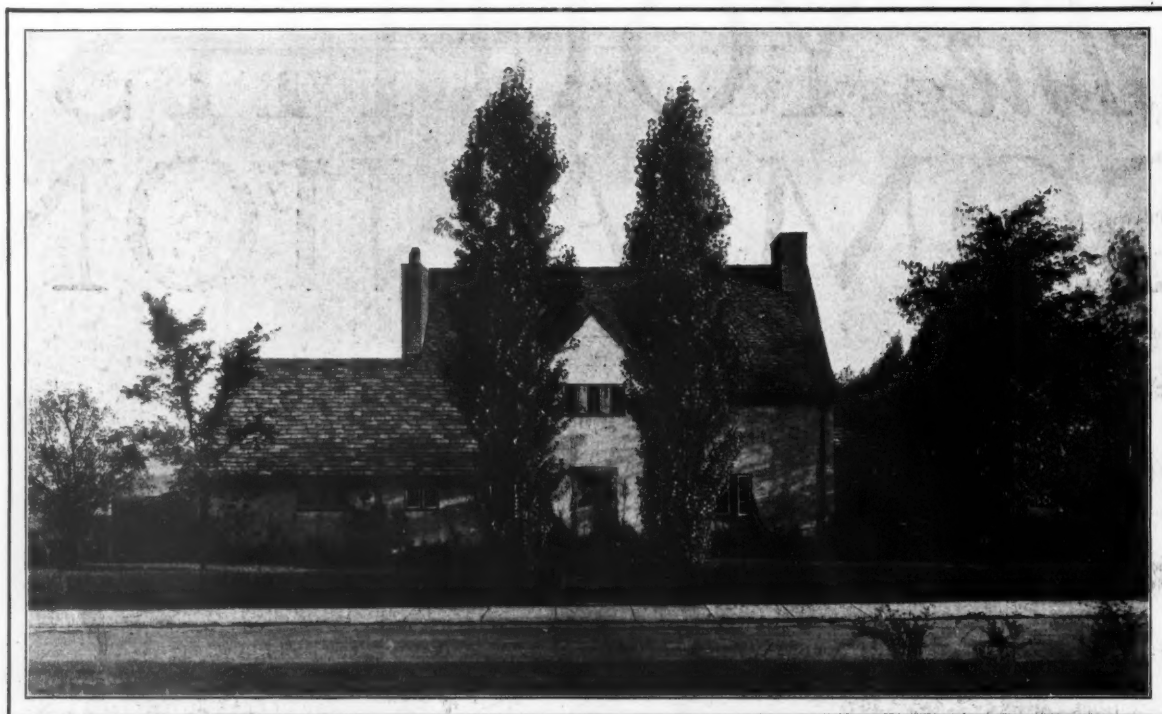


LOCKERBIE LEARNS SOMETHING

By Jonathan Brooks

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DRAWING BY CHARLES L. LASSELL

Jimmie Byers and his scrubs swarmed all about the playing floor

LOCKERBIE LEARNS SOMETHING

"WHEN you can't go another step is the best time to start."

Except for that framed motto on the wall over his head, Colonel Wagner's office resembled a court room during a trial. Gray-haired and grizzled, the Commandant of Lockerbie Hall military school sat behind his desk, very grave and stern unless a slight twinkle in his eyes captured attention. Lieut. Ellery Coleman, in charge of training and athletics at Lockerbie Hall, sat in the middle of the room, facing him. Flanking Lieutenant Coleman, on his left hand, and also facing Colonel Wagner, were ranged five boys, the first team of Lockerbie's basketball squad. Flanking him on the right, were five boys of the second team.

"I have heard all the testimony," said the Colonel. "Lieutenant Coleman states that Armstrong and three other members of the first team have broken training. He states he has suspended Armstrong and three others, and that the fifth player has quit, in sympathy with the other four. Is that correct?"

He looked at the Lieutenant, a slender, trim-built young chap. Lieutenant Coleman nodded. He looked at the four players sitting with Armstrong, the captain of the team. Armstrong, a tall, slim youngster, sulkily ducked his head in agreement.

"Now, the captain and the other players," continued Colonel Wagner, "state that Lieutenant Coleman's discipline and training system are too severe; that there is no game

for almost two weeks, until Hillgate Academy comes here; and that the Lieutenant might reasonably give his men a little vacation. Is that the case, Armstrong?"

Again Armstrong ducked his head. "Very well, then," said Colonel Wagner, after a pause. "I do not know whether you boys know what mutiny is. I am sure that Lieutenant Coleman knows what discipline is, and I am inclined to insist that he enforce it. You boys should realize that discipline is the first principle of military law, as well as athletic law. Every man must follow his leader."

"If this happened in military training, I should be forced to punish all of you. In the Army refusal to obey orders is a serious offense and calls for strenuous punishment. But in athletics, I hardly know what to do. Your games are your own. You know that I am not inclined to much sympathy with athletic sports, and for that reason I shall, I fear, lean over backward in an effort not to be too harsh. I must not be unfair to you boys. At the same time all my training calls for fullest support of Lieutenant Coleman. What am I to do? What is fair?"

Still Lieutenant Coleman held his silence, and the boys of the first team, stirring uneasily, could only look at one another with sidelong glances. Colonel Wagner looked at the Lieutenant, and then at the first team. Finally he glanced at the second

team. As he did so, one of these boys stood up.

"Colonel Wagner, sir," he said, and saluted gravely. It was Jimmie Byers, a rather under-sized, serious youngster of sixteen, the son of an Army major come all the way East from Wisconsin to Lockerbie, in the Intermountain country. "If you please, sir," said Jimmie, "I have an idea."

"That's good. What is it?" asked the Colonel, shifting in his chair.

"Well, sir, it is this," Jimmie began, nervously. "The second team takes no part in this case. But we think a team has to train hard for all its games. We think the coach is right, but we hate to see the team broken up, or basketball stopped. So I would like to make this proposition: the second team will undertake to play the Hillgate game, without the help of either the coach or the first-team players. We think we can prove that training and discipline are needed, and we'll supply our own discipline and do our own training. Then, after that game, we will leave it to you to decide what we shall do next."

"That's an idea," exclaimed the Colonel, "although I'm willing to say right now that the second team can step in and become the first from now on. But I'll not do that. I'll take this proposition Byers makes. Does that suit you, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir," Lieutenant Coleman replied.

"How about you, Armstrong?"

"Aw, Hillgate has licked us, and we can lick the scrubs with one hand," muttered the captain.

"That is not the point," exclaimed the Colonel. "Are you willing to step to one side, while Lieutenant Coleman steps to the other?"

"Yes, I guess so," grumbled Armstrong, looking at the other first-team players.

"Very well, then," snapped the Colonel. "That is all."

"Come on, fellows," said Jimmie Byers to his mates. "Let's start training right now by getting to bed early."

Lieutenant Coleman stood up, but at a sign from the Colonel did not depart. As the door closed behind the boys, he joined Colonel Wagner in a hearty laugh.

"I'd begun to be afraid," said the Colonel, "that this generation was worthless. Cake-eaters! But this boy Byers!"

"A regiment of Byers boys could lick a whole army of those first-team fellows," exclaimed the Lieutenant. "Except at basketball."

"And that doesn't matter much," Colonel Wagner said, "except that it shows their spirit. Wish we had a dozen more like him."

Meantime, a brief colloquy took place outside the Colonel's room. Jimmie Byers and his second team reached the door first, and were followed by the disgruntled first team. Nothing was said until they were down the hall out of earshot.

"Grand-standers," growled Armstrong after Jimmie.

"Come on, fellows, let's get some sleep," said Jimmie, paying no attention. "Then everyone run a mile before breakfast."

"We'll show you up," called Armstrong. "They'll show 'emselvs up," laughed another.

As Lieutenant Coleman said, the second team was none too strong, all the boys lacking natural basketball equipment. All of them were shorter and more slightly built than the first-team players. Not one of them was tall enough to jump centre successfully, and only one seemed sturdy enough to make a pretense of playing back guard. As predicted, it looked as if they could only show themselves up.

But promptly the next afternoon the five of them met in the gym, and sat down on the floor to talk things over. Armstrong, the first team and some friends were sitting along the sidelines to watch practice, regaling themselves with choice humor.

"Never get any practice sittin' down," called one of the boys.

"Listen, fellows, I've got an idea," said Jimmie, in the midst of the little group. "Don't pay any attention to them. Now then, we got to do something. I've been thinking. We haven't any centre, and we haven't any basket-shooters. We haven't even got a big back guard. All we can do, then, is to get in shape to do everything that any player has to do. We gotta develop our wind, and our legs, so we can stand a lot harder work."

"But wind and endurance won't win any games for us," interposed Les Moore, biggest of the group. "We've got to have something else."

"That's what I'm getting at," said Jimmie. "Listen. Out where I come from there was a coach in a university who was in the same fix Lockerbie's in now. He had a lot of players, but no tall centres or back guards, no basket-shots to feed the ball to, nor anything else. I'm going to whisper."

He did so, and only the five of them knew what was said. They huddled on the floor a long time, chattering quietly among themselves, until finally, all enthusiastic over Jimmie's programme, they jumped up and began practicing basket shots close up. After fifteen minutes of that, they ran about the floor, making short passes to one another.

"Now, then, fellows," said Jimmie, "let's have some wind sprints."

So they raced up and down the floor, sometimes the length of it, sometimes half the distance, until all of them were winded. Then they called it a day. Armstrong and his following had a lot of fun at their expense, but the next day when he brought his crowd back he found the doors of the gymnasium locked.

"Smart guys," growled Armstrong. "We'll show them a trick of our own. We'll boycott their blamed scrub basketball team. Any boy that goes to the Hillgate game is no friend of mine."

The other four players of the old first team adopted the same slogan.

"My dad always said," Jimmie lectured his mates, "that anything worth doing at all is worth doing for all you've got. If we're going to play basketball at all, let's give it everything we've got."

His spirit carried all five through a really gruelling ten days of preparation for the struggle with Hillgate. Handicapped by the lack of a team with which to scrimmage, the boys redoubled their efforts. The boycott lost its effect when the novelty wore off, with the result that as the game approached Lockerbie took more and more interest. What could these scrub players be doing? How did they figure to play Hillgate, which had beaten Armstrong's five?

Curiosity rallied to the aid of school spirit, and when the Hillgate team arrived for the game every boy and man, student and instructor, in Lockerbie Hall turned out. Colonel Wagner and Lieutenant Coleman were the first to arrive at the gym, both interested in the experiment in discipline. Armstrong and his team were the last to arrive, abandoning their boycott at the last minute and sneaking furtively into the gym.

Inklings that Jimmie and his team had something new lent an added interest to a situation over which the school was already at fever heat.

"Now, listen," proclaimed Les Moore in the dressing room. "Every one of us has to play the whole game. We haven't got a single sub. See?"

"And remember, Wilson, and you, John Waite, and you, Thurston," spoke up Jimmie Byers, "we line up on our side, across the floor. We play close together. We all go down together when one of us gets the ball. We all go back toward our goal when

they get the ball. Only Les Moore stays all the time at our end, and Les can come as far as the middle, see? Always pass to the nearest man, and never shoot for the basket till we're close to it!"

"Another thing," exclaimed Les Moore. "Listen; pay no 'tention to the score. I'll kill anybody I catch lookin' at the scoreboard, or askin' what the score is," and he glared

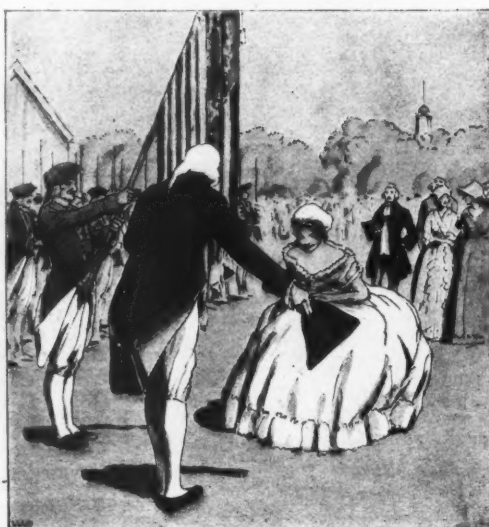
them was illustrative of the contrast between the two teams as a whole. Only Les Moore, back under the Lockerbie basket, approached the size of the man opposite him.

"Our boys look like children beside the Hillgate team," remarked Lieutenant Coleman to Colonel Wagner.

"But they look like scrappers to me," the Colonel replied.

Yankee Originals

BY PAUL HOLLISTER



DRAWING BY
W. A. DWIGGINS

BETSY ROSS

Woman's place

Is in the home.

Said Mistress Betsy Ross;

Darning things and stitching things

And feeding menfolks

When they're cross.

Theirs to do great things and roam;

Our place

Is in the home

—said Mistress Betsy Ross.

Man's place

Is in the sun.

Said General Washington;

Fighting things and shooting things

And licking tyrants

One by one.

Join the colors on the run!

Man's place

Is in the sun

—said General Washington.

In woman's place—

To wit, the home—

Sat Mistress Betsy Ross,

Cutting stars and piecing stripes

To rally menfolks

To the Cross.

Blue and scarlet in the sun—

Women do

Get things done!

—said General Washington.

savagely around him. "Keep goin', if it's a million in our favor, or a million in theirs."

"Let's go, gang," yelled Jimmie Byers, and the five of them ran out of the dressing-room on to the gymnasium floor, where Hillgate's rangy, flashy looking team was already practicing shots. Looking like schoolboys beside the taller Hillgate five, Lockerbie's scrubs ran hurriedly about the floor, passing the ball among themselves instead of shooting at the baskets. Then the referee blew his whistle, and the loyal Lockerbie rooters gave a rousing cheer.

Jimmie crouched at centre ready for the jump against the Hillgate centre, a gangly, long-armed and long-legged chap who stood almost six feet tall. The contrast between

Up went the ball; the Hillgate centre won the tipoff with ease and slapped the ball to a Hillgate forward. In less than thirty seconds, with the Lockerbie boys hardly touching the ball, Hillgate scored a field goal.

"I told you so," said Armstrong.

For the first five minutes it appeared that the former captain knew whereof he spoke. Hillgate, playing an old-fashioned game of long passes between players stationed at more or less fixed posts, kept the ball high up in the air. One forward hovered always near the basket, awaiting a pass from the centre or the other forward, for a short shot. One guard remained under the Hillgate goal.

Jimmie Byers and his scrubs, however, swarmed all about the playing floor, always

on the run, always alert, trying to break down every pass, attempting to smother every shot. But at the end of the first five minutes the score was fourteen to three against the scrubs.

Again the tipoff, and again Hillgate's centre slapped the ball. This time, instead of getting it into the hands of one of his own men, he saw the ball intercepted by John Waite. He dived at Waite, but John merely handed the ball to Jimmie Byers, not five feet away, and all the Lockerbie men but Moore started down the floor in a group. They passed the ball around the floor guard while on the run and headed, all four of them, for the goal. Hillgate's back guard rushed out to meet them, charging on Waite, who had the ball at the instant. Waite again handed the ball to Byers, at arm's length, and Jimmie flipped it to Thurston, going under the basket. Thurston looped the ball over and into the basket. Fourteen to five.

"That's our old five-man team," called Jimmie as he trotted back for the tipoff.

Hillgate's centre, stung because he had not made good on his last play, tried the same play, batting the ball at his left forward. Again Waite intercepted; once more he thrust the ball to Jimmie, and again the four-man attack swept down the floor. Fourteen to seven.

Angry now, Hillgate's centre swept the ball toward his right forward on the tipoff. But this time Wilson swept in, snapped the ball down, dribbled for two steps, and then handed the ball to Jimmie, at his side. Hillgate's centre lunged at Byers, but Jimmie tossed the ball underhand back to Wilson and side-stepped his man. Once more Wilson, Thurston, Jimmie and John Waite charged down the floor. Again the floor guard dived into their midst, and again he missed the ball. For the third time in succession Lockerbie scored, and Lockerbie rooters went wild. Jimmie himself tossed this basket. Here was a fighting Lockerbie team!

"Time out," yelled the Hillgate captain.

"Hey, you fellows," called the Hillgate guard. "We can't stop their whole team. Some of you come back here."

They took their full time out. Jimmie Byers was studying their conference while he and his scrubs huddled together.

"They're getting tired," he announced. "And they'll try a trick. This time, that centre will tip the ball back. Let's all go down the floor as the ball goes up in the air."

Jimmie called the turn. Up went the ball; down the floor rushed Lockerbie's scrubs in a row, except Moore, and the Hillgate centre, his eyes in the air on the ball, tipped the leather backward. Instead of landing in the hands of the Hillgate floor guard, however, it dropped into the anxious fingers of Jimmie Byers. Jimmie batted it sideways as it came down, into Thurston's hands, and rushed on down the floor. Thurston dribbled three steps, then paused as if to shoot for the goal. Hillgate's back guard rushed at him, and the centre charged from behind, all to no purpose. Thurston calmly passed around the guard to John Waite, five feet away, and John tossed to Jimmie, under the basket. Score, since Jimmie tossed the goal, fourteen to eleven, and Lockerbie coming strong.

But why string out a short story? At the half the score was fourteen to thirteen, though none of Lockerbie's scrubs knew it. Jimmie and his team ran off the floor to the dressing-room to rest. Tired and peevish, the crack Hillgate five shambled away to hear a bitter lecture from their coach.

"Fighters, and they've trained well," commented the pleased Colonel Wagner.

"Yes, and, by George, they've sprung some good basketball, too," exclaimed Lieutenant Coleman. "Byers told me about that Western five-man defense and four-man attack, but my old first team could never have kept up that terrific gait back and forth on the floor."

"They'll blow up," predicted Armstrong. Again, as the second half started, it appeared that Armstrong was right. The Hillgate five, stung by their coach's harsh criticism, and armed with new tactics to combat the short-passing, five-man game, came back strong. They made three baskets in quick succession, and added a foul goal.

Jimmie Byers and Thurston and John Waite and Wilson, however, did not falter. Back and forth they charged relentlessly, trying every second of the time. At the end of five minutes Hillgate took time out, from sheer weariness. With play resumed, Lockerbie's scrubs went at it harder than ever. Up

(Continued on page 951)

THE GLORY OF PEGGY HARRISON

By David Loraine
and
Arthur Floyd Henderson

VI. PEGGY GETS A JOB

HALF an hour passed—half an hour during which Peggy talked to the merchant prince of nothing more important than the way Jacob Swan did business: his intimate knowledge of his customers, his kindly concern for even the smallest details of their daily life. Had she been wise to the ways of men in offices in great cities, she would have marveled at Alan Crosby's close attention to her story. Figured at the rate of the million dollars a year that he received in salary and dividends from the Mammoth Department Store, his time was worth not less than four hundred dollars an hour. Yet not for a second during that thirty minutes did his attention swerve. The telephone did not ring; no one came through the door. Alan Crosby's privacy was absolute. The roar of traffic in the street far below sounded only as a faint hum, pleasant, soothing like the hum of bees. Except for Peggy's voice the only active sound in the room was the snapping of the birch logs in the fireplace.

"You interest me very much," Alan Crosby said once; and Peggy was emboldened by a friendly glow in the steel-hard eyes.

When she had finished, "Aye," he said,—he had a trick of using the Scotch "aye" instead of "yes."—"I was Glasgow-born, and the small shops of Glasgow also have the knack of neighborliness which you so well describe. But this is New York, and the Mammoth is not a small store."

He looked at her keenly. Unseen, his finger pressed a button under the edge of the long table that had once supported the royal elbows of Stuart kings. Pressed twice, the button would bring the guard from the outer office—would bring him running with his hand on his revolver. In spite of all precautions cranks do sometimes manage to work their way into the private offices of men of immense wealth. Pressed once, Alan Crosby's private signal summoned his secretary. The bespectacled and studious-looking young man came at once, making no noise on the heavy rugs.

"Ask Miss Gribble to come up," directed Alan Crosby.

While a courteous but peremptory message was being sent by telephone to the employment office he continued to stare by turns at his young visitor and at the fire.

"You want work," he said at last; "why didn't you apply at the employment office?" "I did," replied Peggy. "Five or six times, and at last they put my name on file and said to keep in touch with them when conditions improved. So—"

"You didn't wait for conditions; you determined to make them for yourself," rumbled Alan Crosby. "Well—here is Miss Gribble."

Dora Gribble was a tall, flat spinster with

"Miss Harrison to see Miss Gribble," said Peggy. "By direction of Mr. Allen Crosby"

heavy horn-rimmed glasses; she was dressed in black and wore the closest possible approximation of a man's collar and four-in-hand tie. Her manner suggested chill efficiency—"Miss Efficiency" was the name her subordinates had bestowed upon her among themselves. Firmly believing as she did in system, order and routine, she disapproved secretly of the unofficial look of her chief's room. Perhaps she did not quite realize that Alan Crosby's days were bound in such deadly routine that his spirit hated the appearance of anything that suggested it—filing cabinets, glass-topped desks, rubber stamps and the like. On Miss Gribble's own desk was a flowering tree of rubber stamps, one for every possible use and occasion. At home her favorite reading was the Business Accuracy Magazine.

She came into the room with the fewest possible number of unnecessary steps and motions, halted with military precision and awaited instructions.

"Won't you sit down, Miss Gribble?" said Alan Crosby. "I suppose we are not taking on many people, are we?"

"Six today," was the reply. "Corresponding date last year, thirty-one." Her thin lips snapped shut.

"Well," said Crosby, "I want to find room for this young lady somewhere."

Miss Gribble gave Peggy one short glance and then continued to look directly in front of her.

Alan Crosby got up slowly, towering above the oddly assorted pair of women. He crossed to the fireplace and arranged a fresh log on the fire. "Where would there be room for Miss Harrison?" he asked.

"Neckwear," replied Miss Gribble.

"That's well," he said. "She will report to you in five minutes."

Miss Gribble left the room as efficiently as she had entered it.

"Now," said Alan Crosby, "I'm not sure that you haven't given me an idea. I am making room for you in the store. You will have to begin at the very bottom, and you may not see me again for five years. If you have patience and persistence,—and take care of your health,—you will eventually reach a place where you can make your influence felt. Promotions in this store are

made from among its own people. You understand?"

Peggy nodded; she knew that the interview was ended. She looked at Alan Crosby, now seated at his table, but his face was inscrutable. His machinelike mind had moved on to the next problem; he had apparently forgotten her presence as the words, "You understand?" came from his lips.

"Thank you," said Peggy. She moved to the door, then turned with an overwhelming desire to thank him again—even as she had thanked Mrs. Goucher. Her quest was ended; she had a job in New York!

"Thank you, Mr. Crosby!" "Aye," he rumbled absently, without looking up.

Peggy went down in the elevator, elated but trying hard to compose herself. At the second floor she got off and walked down the long corridor to the employment office.

A bleak place it was, that employment office! A narrow swinging gate led to an area where applicants sat on long, hard benches and awaited their turn to speak to the examiners. There were plenty of people sitting, many of them the kind of people Peggy had seen on the benches in Madison Square—young girls, shabby older women, men of all ages who for the most part held newspapers rather defiantly in front of them and pretended to be reading.

Peggy spoke at once to a young man who was in attendance. "Miss Harrison to see Miss Gribble," she said and added, "By direction of Mr. Alan Crosby."

The name worked like magic. Instantly Peggy was conducted past the desks of three examiners and into Miss Gribble's private office. She saw whole batteries of filing cabinets, many wall charts gay with parti-colored pins; two immense framed blueprints; and on one wall—stupifyingly large—a vast complicated diagram with the words "Chart of Organization" on the frame. Miss Gribble's desk was in the centre; on either side of her a stenographer was tapping swiftly on a typewriter.

"You are the young woman Mr. Alan wants to find a place for," said Miss Gribble. "Is your application form on file? Yes? Miss O'Donnell, get it, please."

One of the girls rose, left the room and

returned in a few seconds with the long elaborate form that Peggy had filled in. Miss Gribble ran a practiced eye down it.

"Only one business reference," she said, "Jacob Swan, pharmacy, Millville, Connecticut. Never employed elsewhere?"

Peggy shook her head. "Present this to the psychologist, room 16," said Miss Gribble. She passed the form to Peggy and then bent over her work.

Peggy was examined physically and mentally; she was made to give character references, one of them to her minister; she was given a large round identification disk, bearing the number 6356, and a locker for her street clothes; and she attended a lecture in the store's Training School.

At the end of that ordeal—for to a girl of Peggy's breeding and sensibilities it was an ordeal—much of her buoyance of spirit was gone; nevertheless she was still happy—almost unbelievably happy after she had reported again to Miss Gribble and been assigned to the neckwear counter at a salary of \$25 a week. Miss West, who was her superior at the counter, Peggy found to be kindly, even lovable, and more than ready to help an ambitious girl to learn. And at the end of her first afternoon in the store Peggy went back to her lodging-house with head held high. She had grasped the first rung of the ladder to success. She had overcome the first obstacle that New York places before those who come to partake of her bounty. She had a job! She was making her own way! What wonder that the girl should be in tune with the universe?

Alas for Peggy and her bright dreams! Even as she mounted with spritely steps to her room Clara Burns, back in Millville, was on her way to the post office with the letter that Mrs. Harrison had written at midnight,—a letter blurred with a mother's tears,—bearing the news of the stricken father and the small brother ill with pneumonia.

All unaware of the fresh misfortune that was slowly bearing down upon her, Peggy slept well that night; and the following morning she presented a radiant face at Henry Birdmanner's queer little lunch room.

"Well, well, Miss Peggy," the little man greeted her, "tell me all about it! Tell me



DRAWN BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

about the good news that I see a-shining through your face!" He cocked his head on one side and waited expectantly.

"I have a job!" said Peggy. "A job at the Mammoth. And, oh, I'm so happy! I don't think I ever was happier in my life!"

"And I'm happy for you!" said the gallant veteran. "You saw Alan Crosby, I can see, and he gave you the job. Now tell me what you gave him—an idea, I expect."

"I don't know," Peggy replied thoughtfully. "I talked to him for half an hour,—all about Jacob Swan's drugstore in Millville,—and he seemed interested. At the end he gave me a job."

Henry Birdmanner nodded understandingly. "An idea," he repeated; "mebbe a big idea too."

The two continued to talk while Peggy ate her breakfast. Having finished, she went out, still buoyant and eagerly expectant, prepared to meet the second day of work in New York.

At the neckwear counter Miss West greeted her with a cheerful good morning and began at once to explain certain aspects of the work that she had not touched upon the afternoon before.

"Oh, there's one thing perhaps I ought to tell you about," Miss West interrupted herself to say. "At the bottom of that last pile there's a cream silk collar that Miss Gribble wants to buy—it's the last of a line, and a wonderful bargain. She'll probably be down at noon to get it."

Peggy was on the point of inquiring whether the rules of the store permitted a clerk to withhold an article if a customer wanted it, when the thought abruptly left her mind. A tall, broad, curly-haired young man was coming toward her, smiling at her in the most boyishly friendly manner.

Looking at him as he approached, and observing his heavy shoulders, his massive chest and his broad, cleanly shaven chin, Peggy suddenly realized, to her surprise, that she knew him. She had never met him, never spoken to him, never had seen him more than once—but she knew him! All in a flash her memory took her back to a bright blue-and-silver day in November. A distant cousin, a down-at-the-heel newspaper man, had arrived unexpectedly in Millville on the morning of the Harvard-Yale football game, which was to be played in near-by New Haven.

"I've got two tickets to the game, Henry; thought maybe you'd like to go," he said to Mr. Harrison. "What about it?"

But Henry Harrison could not go. He couldn't get off, he said; and besides, he didn't want to risk taking his death o' cold, sitting out in the open. Even in those days Henry Harrison was not strong. The upshot of it was that Peggy—a fourteen-year-old girl with braids and hair ribbons—went in his place.

That day, as lovers of football remember, was a memorable one for Yale—and for Yale's big right halfback. Time after time he zigzagged through a broken field, carrying the ball deep into Harvard territory; time after time he ripped through the Crimson line for gains, or got off punts that, with the wind, carried eighty yards or farther. It was one of the hardest-fought games the two colleges ever had played. Three minutes from the end the score was even. Peggy, young though she was and seeing a big game for the first time, felt the thrill of it, and found herself hoping that Yale would win—if only for the sake of that blond young giant who had played so hard, so brilliantly.

Fortune was kind to her. With half a minute to play, Harvard on its thirty-yard line held the Bulldog for three successive downs. Both teams were directly in front of where Peggy was sitting, and so close to the edge of the field that the lines were unbalanced. She could see the faces of the men plainly. For days afterward she remembered the thrill that she felt when the big blue halfback—her halfback—suddenly dropped back a few feet, and she heard her cousin exclaim, "He's goin' to try for a goal!" He ripped off his headguard and flung it to the sidelines. She remembered the hush that settled over the crowd, the flash of yellow as the ball sped backward, the sharp smack as the man's foot met it squarely, and then—pandemonium! A wild, unorganized burst of cheering from thousands of throats, a tossing sea of blue pennants gleaming in the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun! A perfect field goal from the thirty-eight-yard line and from an almost impossible angle! And then, shortly afterward, when the game ended, she had a glimpse of his face as he was borne past the stands on the shoulders

of a wildly cheering group of students—and she was so happy that tears came to her eyes.

And now, after a number of years, here was the hero of her girlhood, coming toward her, friendly, boyish and smiling! He nodded pleasantly to Miss West, and put out his hand to Peggy.

"Good morning, Miss Harrison," he said. "I'm Mr. Crosby from upstairs—Mr. Evan, they call me," he added. "Hope you're going to like the work."

"Oh, thank you," said Peggy, taking the outstretched hand. And then, with the spectacle of that silver-and-blue day still before her and the hero worship still alive within her, she added in a burst of girlish impetuosity, "I knew you right off—because I once saw you play against Harvard—and kick a wonderful field goal!"

"Did you?" A rush of color came into Evan Crosby's face, making him look more boyish than ever. He was frankly delighted.

There was a short pause; then he said, "Well, good luck to you—and stick to Miss West; she knows everything."

Peggy watched him stride down the aisle and heard Miss West say, "He's like that always—so different from his father"; but the girl's mind was still on the past; blue pennants seemed to be waving all about her.

Miss Gribble did not come to the neckwear counter that noon, though Peggy saw her on the main floor several times.

Shortly before two o'clock a middle-aged woman in black approached the counter, and Peggy hastened to wait upon her; Miss West had not yet returned from lunch.

Peggy showed her the various styles one after another, but none seemed to please the woman. "The prettiest ones are white; haven't you something in cream lace?" she said. "I was in here last week and saw a very pretty one—a bargain it was too. Little diamond points at the top—haven't you more like it?"

"Why—" Peggy hesitated, remembering the collar that Miss West had spoken of. Then she went to the pile at the end of the counter and took the collar from the bottom. "Was it like this?" she asked. "This is \$2.49."

"That's it!" exclaimed the woman, delighted and opened her bag to pay for it.

"Wouldn't you like to wear it?" asked Peggy. "I could pin it on you ever so nicely."

"Could you really? Well, I am in a hurry. You're very kind and thoughtful."

She spread the collar of her coat open wider, and Peggy stepped from behind the counter. Talking pleasantly all the while, she pinned the lace in place.

"You're most accommodating," said the woman as Peggy held up a small mirror.

"I'm glad to be helpful," said Peggy. Hardly had the woman gone when Miss Gribble came over to the counter; unobserved by Peggy, she had watched the whole transaction.

Her first words made the girl feel almost dizzy, they were so unexpected, so cruel.

"Get your things and go home."

"What!" gasped Peggy. Miss Gribble's lips were a hard, thin line. "You've had your chance, and you've proved incompetent. You're discharged."

"Discharged?" repeated Peggy in bewilderment.

"Fired!"

"But why—why—that collar—" "Nothing to do with it," said Miss Gribble, trembling with anger. "Get your things and go."

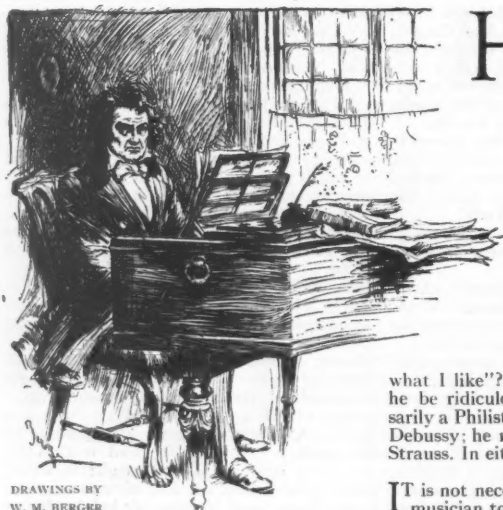
So sudden and overwhelming was the blow that Peggy's courage deserted her. Hardly able to see, unable to think clearly, she obeyed; she seemed to have lost all her power of will.

Soft April rain was falling when she reached the street, but she scarcely heeded it. Her temples were throbbing. "You've had your chance. You've proved incompetent. You're discharged!" The words seemed to tumble about in her mind, mocking her. "Fired!"

Somehow she reached the lodging-house near Washington Square. Somehow she groped her way up to the dark, shabby little room. On the floor where it had been pushed under the door was a letter. She picked it up and recognized her mother's handwriting. She walked to the window, tore the envelope open and began to read. "My darling Peggy—"

Suddenly she seemed to go limp all over. The paper dropped from her fingers. She staggered toward the bed and sank helpless upon it.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



DRAWINGS BY
W. M. BERGER

Beethoven

HOW TO HEAR MUSIC

By Philip Hale

and spiritual? How can anyone not educated as a musician train himself to intelligent, discriminative appreciation? Or should one be content with the familiar expression, "I don't know anything about music, but I know what I like"? The one saying this, though he be ridiculed at the time, is not necessarily a Philistine. He may like the music of Debussy; he may prefer a waltz by Johann Strauss. In either case his taste is sound.

IT is not necessary for one to be a trained musician to appreciate good music. There are only two kinds of music, good and bad. A jazz tune may be good from a technical as well as an æsthetic standpoint. Sir Thomas Browne wrote long ago: "Even that vulgar and tavern music which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the first composer." So a hand-organ tune played in the street while some one within a house lies on a deathbed will afterwards to the surviving inmates have tragic significance and sacred associations.

The taste and judgment of the technically trained, even when they are celebrated composers, are not always impeccable. Many instances of expressed opinions that now seem to us absurd might be given. The uneducated in music have often a curious instinct for detecting greatness where others, learned in the art, pass it by or openly flout it. There are good listeners, whose taste is natural or cultivated, not by closest study, but simply by hearing. When Wagner's

music was first performed in this country many professionals ridiculed it, but the common people heard it gladly. Nor was this what the French call *snobisme* in music,



an affectation in taste shown today by those with a mere smattering of knowledge who are rapturous in speech over futile works of certain ultra-modern composers whose apparent purpose in writing is to provoke amazement, to make the honest *bourgeois* sit up.

NOR is it necessary for anyone wishing to appreciate music of a pleasing or of a high order to play any instrument. Professional instrumentalists are often poor judges of music. They play what is most suitable to

their own individuality or music by which they confidently expect to win uproarious applause. Pianists of mature years and great reputation are slow in putting the names of contemporaneous composers on their programme. They are satisfied with the pieces they mastered years ago—pieces that are orthodox, pieces that the hearers already know and like. If a hearer has studied diligently the piano, he may be able to admire a pianist's technical proficiency, to compare it with the proficiency of others before the public, even to find just fault with it; but the spirit of the composition and the soul of the interpreter may wholly escape him. A singing teacher may condemn the voice and even the technic of a singer and miss the mood inspired by this singer's understanding of the text and the composer's translation of it, as interpreted by the singer, in spite of evident faults. Technic is only a means, eminently desirable, indispensable in airs of a purely brilliant ornamental nature; a great aid to interpretation, it is not in itself the soul of interpretation. And so, while a teacher shudders at Ludwig Wuellner's voice and his faulty vocal method, the unskilled but sensitive hearer was deeply moved hearing him interpret Schubert's Doppelgänger, Sinding's Ein Weib or Richard Strauss's Frühlingseier.

ENJOYMENT in hearing is first of all a matter of receptivity. The composer, the interpreter, must be met halfway, perhaps more than halfway. It has been said that the landscape is in the eye of the beholder. There are some who maintain that the outward world, the mountain, the forest, the brick block across the street, the piano in

THE way to hear music is to hear it. At the present time it is almost impossible to avoid hearing it. Concerts and recitals in public halls; music in hotels and restaurants; music at private houses to take the place of conversation after a formal dinner; music through the radio—where and how can one escape it? Perhaps the music of the spheres will soon be heard on earth. The radio has infinite possibilities.

Some have been, and are, tone deaf, taking no pleasure in music of any sort. Among them have been men famous in various walks of life. But the great majority of men and women enjoy music whether it be in a rude and primitive form or in a highly developed state. Should this enjoyment be only sensory, or should it be also intellectual

the drawing room exist only because we think them. Walt Whitman summed up the matter as regards music in a few but memorable lines:

"All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments. It is not the violins and the cornets, it is not the oboe, nor the beating drums, nor the score of the baritone singer singing his sweet romanza, nor that of the men's chorus, nor that of the women's chorus. It is nearer and farther than they."

The composer cannot give you more than you yourself contain; the performer cannot move you more than you yourself feel.

But one may say: "I do not play any instrument; I do not sing; I know nothing about the science of music. I have no time to take lessons. I am fond of music. How can I prepare myself for listening more intelligently, for the ability to talk about it, to discuss what I have heard without displaying ignorance?"

More than a century ago a German, not a musician, said that next to hearing music the most disagreeable thing was to hear talk about it. One might say that there are many books about music that cloud wisdom and tempt one to avoid concerts. There are books frankly entitled "How to Listen to Music"; they may have been of assistance to the anxious. Perhaps it would be paradoxical to say that there are essays and poems not bearing on music in any way that are more helpful in cultivating a fine taste for music than books expressly devoted to the art.

First of all, one should realize that music as a rule is an expression of the period in which it was written. There have been a few composers ahead of their time; there have been a few innovations; but it is safe to say that a man composes as he and his contemporaries feel. You may not find Mozart's music emotional as we understand emotion today. In his time music was not expected to be passionate or even sensuously emotional, for these qualities were not dominant in the prevailing general artistic expression. Nationality does not play so important a rôle as some would have it.

THE best and the enduring music makes a universal appeal. Beethoven is not great simply because he was a German; his music is great, not because it was written "in the German manner"; it is great because it contains grand, noble, deeply emotional thoughts expressed in the grand manner, recognizable as such throughout the musical world. American music is not necessarily good because it is composed by an American. Rimski-Korsakov is a fascinating composer, and his music is as warmly appreciated in



Chicago and Boston as in Moscow and Leningrad, whereas some Russians, striving too deliberately to be strictly national, are not known beyond the boundaries of Russia, though in their way they may have talent.

Hearing music, one should remember the period in which it was written, for the period shapes largely the individual composer's idiom, his manner, his form of expression. Music is a shifting, not a fixed art. There are men who now try to write in the manner of Bach. Would Bach persist in his manner if he were composing today? With the best will in the world we cannot hear today as audiences heard in the time of Bach or in the time of Mozart and Haydn or even as late as the period of Chopin and Schumann. Their music still lives and makes a profound impression, because it contains essential qualities that are for all time and make a universal appeal to men and women.

Nor should one be afraid of great names and try to enjoy compositions signed by a great name. No composer has been blessed with plenary inspiration. Go through the list of the great; nearly all of the famous men from Bach to Brahms, from Haydn to César Franck, have written music of mediocre value or of no worth—mere "potboilers." As in literature, the "complete works" are not to be treasured. Nor should one be discouraged because the word "highbrow" is often applied by the lazy, the indifferent and the ignorant to music rhythmically interesting and shot through with beauty.

ONE may ask, "Can't I improve my taste, my judgment, by reading any books pertaining to music?" The lives of composers will be helpful if one does not follow blindly

the critical opinions contained therein. These biographies will give an idea of the circumstances attending the birth of the compositions, the character of the composer, the taste of the period in which he worked. The French are easily masters in the field of musical biographies, but there are in English some excellent lives.

More important perhaps are books of a general nature. Dr. Charles Burney's records of his travels on the European continent are indispensable to anyone who wishes to know about the conditions of music in his time and the character of composers whom he met. All of H. F. Chorley's books will be enjoyed. Vernon Blackburn's *Fringe of an Art*; J. F. Runciman's *Old Scores and New Readings*; William Wallace's *Threshold of Music*; Krehbiel's *Music and Manners*; Michael Kelly's memoirs—he knew Mozart; the books about music by James Huneker (besides his life of Chopin); Ernest Newman's *A Musician's Holiday*; Jean-Aubry's *French Music of Today*; E. B. Hill's *Modern French Music*; Rolland's *Some Musicians of Former Days and Music of Today*; the books by W. F. Apthorp and Paul Rosenfield—these, and this is only an imperfect list, are entertaining, stimulating and informing.

There are musical dictionaries, encyclopedias, galore. The most comprehensive in English is Grove's, which sins through lack of proportion and is in need of the revision now making. For practical everyday use the *New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians*, edited by Waldo Selden Pratt, is now probably the best. It was published in 1924. A dictionary edited by Dr. Eaglefield Hull contains a mass of information about

ultra-modern European composers and various excellent articles of a general nature, but its cost is prohibitive to many. For those familiar with the German language Hugo Riemann's *Musik Lexikon* is invaluable. There are many histories of music. The one by Villiers Stanford and Cecil Forsyth is sane and readable.

Reading indiscriminately may bring confusion. Some read only to confirm their suspicions. One is tempted to follow blindly the opinion of this or that "authority," to quote it with a knowing air. What is needed is independence of thought. Hearing music intelligently is not difficult. Years ago at a prayer meeting in a little Vermont village a young man fresh from a divinity school made at a prayer meeting a long and swollen speech on the nature of Christianity. When he sat down an old villager arose and said: "Christianity, my friends, is a plain and simple thing, in which the wise man has no advantage over the ignorant, nor the learned over the fool."

Although Walter Pater believed that all the arts tended towards music,—his theory has been vigorously combatted of late,—there are others who, though they are pleased by sweet or stirring sounds, maintain that it is the lowest of the arts. It is not necessary to discuss this question. One must answer it according to one's own nature. If a man is satisfied with light music, obviously tuneful, strongly rhythmized, so that it appeals to his heels and not his ears, he should not be scorned or pitied. Let him venture into a concert hall and he will find possibly to his amazement that a symphony may be excitingly rhythmized and irresistibly tuneful. He would not find this out from books; he must find it out by hearing.

Orchestral concerts for the mass of people, concerts for which moderate prices are asked, should be encouraged and maintained. Not that they will turn the hearers into musicians,—an undesirable result,—but the audiences hearing good music of a popular nature, and there is plenty of it, would little by little wish to hear the best. Already there is a demand by "listeners-in" at the radio for music of a quality superior to that broadcast at first; and this demand does not come from those accustomed to symphony concerts.

No one should be afraid of "good" and "highbrow" music. No one should be afraid to express his own opinion. Without discussions and disputes art becomes stagnant. There will always be reactionaries; there will always be "futurists." It is not necessary for anyone to join either party. A catholic taste is more to be desired than perverted partisanship.

WHAT IS HE LIKE AT WORK?—3

Herbert Hoover

By Christian A. Herter

ELEVEN years ago the American Ambassador in London gave a luncheon. There is nothing remarkable in an Ambassador's giving a luncheon, but this particular occasion was notable for two reasons: it marked the beginning of the public career of Herbert Hoover; and Herbert Hoover was so overcome by bashfulness when toasted by the Ambassador that he was unable to stand up and respond.

That was only eleven years ago. Yet today the name of Herbert Hoover is probably better known the world round than that of any other single living man or woman, and in addition there is hardly a chamber of commerce, hardly a Rotary club, hardly a women's organization, hardly a broadcasting station in the United States, but has invited him to speak. Fame and the confidence to speak in public—these he has acquired since that day. Otherwise the man is the same. Chance, of course, played a share in providing the opportunities which led to fame, but chance did not force him to seize those opportunities. Already on the day of that luncheon fate had decreed a

great war, but it was the organizing brains the resourcefulness and the energy of Herbert Hoover which decreed that he should stand for a month at the Ambassador's elbow and guide a horde of panic-stricken American tourists safely home from warring Europe. The Ambassador, as the representative of the United States government, was grateful. He wanted to show his appreciation of Hoover's volunteered services. Hence the luncheon.

Today Mr. Hoover is the Secretary of Commerce in President Coolidge's cabinet. His story during the forty years before his entry into public life is one of those amazing tales of romance which only America can furnish. His early childhood as the son of a Quaker blacksmith in a little village in Iowa, his later years with relatives in Oregon, his days as a self-supporting student at Stanford University, his beginnings as an engineer, his travels and engineering exploits in China, in India, in Australia, in Russia, up to his temporary sojourn in London in 1914—all this forms a story by itself. The last eleven years, each devoted to important public service of some kind,



No fear of this boss!

form a second story. But I am not concerned here with either. My job is to take a close look at Herbert Hoover at work and to try to fathom what there is in his way of working that has given him undisputed claim to the title of the world's most efficient public servant.

Unlike all the efficiency experts you read about, Mr. Hoover, or rather "the Chief,"—no man or woman who has worked with him

for more than a week ever calls him by any other name,—does not get up at the crack of dawn, practice calisthenics for fifteen minutes and then plunge into an ice cold bath. He starts the day in a perfectly normal way, at least until breakfast. There was a time when his absolute lack of personal vanity led him to dress in nothing but one particular kind of blue serge suit, but when he found that this idiosyncrasy was being commented on and that some busybodies were speculating whether on any given day he was wearing suit number sixteen or suit number twenty-five (for each coat, vest and pair of trousers had to be numbered for purposes of identification) he added variety to his wardrobe, and normalcy was restored.

With breakfast his day's work begins. Whether it be in New York, Washington, London or Paris, breakfast is as important a meal at which to do business as luncheon or dinner. By starting then just so much more can be accomplished during a single twenty-four hours, and if there is any one thing to which the Chief attributes his own success more than any other, it is his ability to work sixteen hours a day, year in and year out. This capacity is absolutely phenomenal, as none know better than those who have tried to keep up with him even for a part of each day. Your efficiency expert would say that this is bad economy, that no human being could stand such a strain for long; yet Mr. Hoover has done it for thirty years without a break. It is the more remarkable when you think that he takes no

regular exercise, and that in the eleven years since the war began he has taken all told but one scant month of vacation.

If your efficiency expert followed the Chief to his office and spent a day with him there, he would throw up his hands in despair. All the neatness, all the elaborate system, all the deadly precision of the so-called great executive, is lacking. Secretaries are not marshaled as if by a Prussian general. Orders are not snapped like military commands. Everything goes easily and smoothly, and the atmosphere in the whole group which makes up the Chief's personal staff is that of a family pulling together. The work that is done in those offices is the labor of devotion, not the product of a system. It is all human, all individual, all intelligent—never mechanical. I don't mean to imply that anything is sloppy or haphazard, but I do want to emphasize that because of the unbounded respect and love which the Chief instills in his subordinates the elements of discipline, of fear of a boss, of cringing to authority, don't enter into the picture. And the amount of work that is done in a day is proof that the method is good. It might not work with anyone else; probably it wouldn't. It couldn't be charted or diagrammed. It is successful because the man responsible for it is a constant inspiration. And inspiration can't be recorded by an efficiency expert.

If a salesman of all the labor-saving devices that are advertised in business magazines were to take a look at the desk of our Secretary of Commerce, he would resign his job. There are regularly but two things on it; a telephone, which is used only under extreme provocation, and a funny glass

stand filled with holes, probably intended in its early youth to assist some good housekeeper to arrange flowers in a bowl, but now bristling with sharpened pencils. Never have I seen any human being outside a nursery more destructive of pencils. If the mortality on any day falls below ten or a dozen, something has gone wrong, for the Chief is constantly drawing geometrical patterns on any paper conveniently handy when talking to visitors or is writing drafts of letters, speeches or memoranda when alone. The destruction reaches its height, however, when arithmetical calculations have to be made; and, as nearly every great problem with which the Chief has had to wrestle has dealt with money in millions of dollars, or mineral ores in millions of tons, or horsepower in millions of kilowatt hours, or foodstuffs in millions of bushels, or starving peoples by the millions, these calculations are almost incessant. Few magicians can carry more figures in their heads and carry them accurately than can the Chief, but when it comes to lightninglike computations, such as the number of eight-thousand-ton Shipping Board vessels required to carry enough wheat to feed fourteen and a half million people for seven months on a ration of two hundred grams a day, or the number of years in which a nation can pay off its debt to the United States if it begins in the first year with payments equivalent to one tenth of one per cent and increases these yearly for twenty-five years to a maximum of three and one half per cent, he has no equal. An engineering training may account for some of this ability, but the remainder must be credited to downright genius.

The same mind that carries figures with

such ease also carries facts with equal facility. These facts, whether they be historic, economic, social, or what not, are quickly absorbed and then pigeonholed in their proper compartment of the brain, to be pulled out and utilized at the proper moment. The thing called organizing ability or the thing called business vision consists of nothing but the faculty to assemble in an orderly way the records in those compartments and then apply them to the problem in hand. And because Mr. Hoover has more records than most people, can get at them more easily and then apply them more quickly, he is a natural leader. I know of nothing more completely hypnotizing than to see him undergoing a quiz by some group of intelligent people. No matter what question they may ask him, on any subject even remotely related to the experiences of his whole lifetime, he will furnish an answer so complete, so clear and so reinforced with a wealth of fact as to leave the questioner gaping. It is such an extraordinary demonstration of intellectual power as to be overwhelming.

The efficiency expert might well step in here again and inquire if a mind like his is not apt to be so overcrowded as to be muddled and impractical in the carrying through of big affairs. The otherwise excellent minds of college professors are notoriously so. But he would be wrong. Once more factors that cannot be charted enter in. This time they are will power, character and concentration on the immediate problem in hand. During the course of a day the Chief will have tackled perhaps twenty totally different problems, ranging all the way from the marketing of more automotive products in

Australia to building a dam on the Colorado River, or determining a policy for the control of radio-broadcasting, or promoting the construction of better homes in America, or determining Czecho-Slovakia's capacity to pay her debts, or saving the salmon fisheries of Alaska from extinction. In solving each problem the unnecessary details are cast aside, the essential facts are lined up, and a decision is made. But what is more important, the decision is then carried out. I don't know of a single job that the Chief has tackled which he hasn't seen through to the end. And winding up a job cleanly often takes a great deal more character than tackling a new one.

If in this brief glance at Herbert Hoover through the office window panes I have seen nothing but almost superhuman qualities, I may be accused of prejudice and exaggeration. I will gladly plead guilty to the first, for I have never yet seen any man or woman who worked at close quarters with the Chief whose prejudice did not take the form of actual worship.

To the second I can only say that no mind that I know of can function with the range, speed or directness of his, so that by using superlatives I am being at least honest, if not truthful. But I do not want to leave the impression that the man is all brains and not human. He has faults, bad faults. He smokes innumerable cigars; he plays with the radio like a child; and he devours detective stories.

Nor can I sympathize with him in any of these. I am not man enough to inhale his cigars; I know nothing about the radio; and reading the end of detective stories first seems to me an unpardonable sin.

THE DEFENSE OF THE WHEATSTACK FORT

By Charles Tenney Jackson

A DUSTY cavalry sergeant had come to the secluded Aguas del Oro ranch house early in the summer and informed Richards and Fuller that a number of restless Apaches had slipped away from the San Carlos reservation and had already committed depredations in the valleys to the north. The two ex-cowboys, turned farmers, heard at times vague rumors of the fruitless campaign to round up the Indians, but they gave the matter small thought; the war was far away, and they were too accustomed to alarms to be frightened.

By means of their irrigating ditches the two young men had turned the centre of the valley along the water course into a spot of smiling green with crops of alfalfa, wheat and potatoes. They had built a road to the fields from their corrals and ranch house and had fenced the creek to

keep the range cattle from crossing to the cultivated side. In short, their two years of hard work were now showing rich fruitfulness, and they were intensely proud of the results.

Late in the summer, when the boys were cutting their wheat, an old foreman of one of the big cattle companies to the north, where Fuller had formerly been employed, came into the valley. He too gave them casual warning of the Apache war, and with that tolerant half-contempt which a certain type of frontiersman had for the efforts of the military to subdue the Indians, said that the district was likely enough to be visited by the hostiles.

"You boys had better be awake," he said. "The Indians have been having a picnic raiding the ranches all summer until the army formed a big cordon and pretty nearly rounded up the band. Then the Apaches split into three parties, and each is trying to slip through the line to the mountains. That would be easy enough for 'em alone, but Little Coyote, one of the under chiefs, is trying to run through all the stock he has stolen this summer. The soldiers chased his gang into the San Anita Valley last week, and the Indians killed half a dozen settlers and ran off their stock. Now you fellows have got your pretty little ranch right on the trail the bucks used in

the early days, and if the soldiers don't head 'em off they'll come through here sure as shooting next week. Better come up with me and let 'em fight it out alone!"

"And let the Apaches burn us out of a home?" asked Fuller. "No, we've worked too hard for that. Look at that wheat, will you? Just ready to stack! I guess we'll have to stand 'em off."

"They won't come this way on a killing expedition, anyway," argued Richards. "The army is crowding 'em hard, and they're looking for a hole!"

"And you're right in the hole," said the old man.

The ranchers were very busy all the week after the foreman's visit. The second crop of alfalfa was a carpet of bright green in the midst of the sterile valley. The wheat was cut, an enormous yield of it, and they were building two stacks in the field a mile from the house. It was in the days when farming operations were almost a novelty in the territory, and the men were greatly pleased at their success.

"No more cow-punching for me!" said Fuller, "when I can sit here and watch that alfalfa grow. It's got range riding under a grumpy boss beaten all to pieces!"

"Yes, and grain is going to be worth money, too!" said his friend.

That night as they sat on the ranch-house steps after a hard day's toil, a bright light sprang out on a spur of the mountains miles to the east. It appeared again the next night, and the third evening there was one on the opposite range and another far to the south.

"Indians," muttered Richards. "Sure! That bunch of thieves is signaling to their friends who got away in safety. We ought to see the cavalry trailing down here pretty soon!"

The ranchers were somewhat uneasy. They carried their rifles to the stubble field the next day, after the manner of the early New England settlers, setting them by the stack that rose tier on tier of wheat bundles as wagon load after wagon load was hauled to the spot.

After the noon lunch the young men dozed on the shady side of the half-completed stack while the horses fed at the end of the wagon rack. The stacks were at the



The Indians strung out in a long line and set up a wild yelling

farther end of the wheat strip that bordered the stream. Across this, about fifty yards from the field, the boys had built a rude culvert, which was closed with a barb-wire gate. The fence along the creek extended half a mile south by the alfalfa meadow.

The ranchers were roused after a time by the wild bawling of cattle; getting up, they saw a number of animals streaming across the alfalfa toward the water. The steers seemed frantic with thirst and hunger, feeding on the rich grass and then plunging into the irrigation ditches with a great commotion.

Richards and Fuller were very angry. It was no uncommon occurrence to have cattle stray from the foothills and ravage their crops, but these seemed particularly destructive. The men threw themselves on the harnessed horses and dashed off for the alfalfa. More and more cattle were coming down from a narrow pass in the rocky hills; among them were many horses, and the whole herd was gaunt, dusty and wild-eyed with hunger.

"Plumb crazy," muttered Fuller. "Some outfit must have been lost in the canyons. They'll ruin that meadow! Head 'em off!"

But the frantic animals could not be forced from the feed. The ranchers dashed among them in vain. The heavy work-horses could not be managed like cow-ponies, and half an hour of exasperating effort had only spread the steers over the entire strip. They were desperately hungry and paid little attention to the men.

"The brutes will kill themselves on that green feed," cried Richards. "Whose bunch is it, anyhow?"

There were brands of many kinds on the steers; some well known to the ex-cattlemen and others strange. More animals were pouring from the hills; sighting the water and the green herbage, they would break into a run across the flinty slope of the valley to join the others.

Through the dust, behind the last ones, the ranchers caught sight of men hurrying the lag-gards on. Fuller had angrily announced his intention of calling them to account for the destruction of their hay crop, when some of the riders turned off the trail and came toward them, yelling shrilly. Then one swung to the side of his pony and, resting his rifle on the saddle, fired at them. The ranchers drew up; Richards whirled his horse and galloped for the creek.

"Apaches!" he shouted. "Get to the stacks quick!"

The Indians rode in a detour above, thinking the fugitives were trying to escape up the valley. Once behind the stacks, the two men seized their guns and crept among the bundles of grain. The Apaches came boldly up, apparently believing them unarmed. Fuller's hasty shot sent them back to the rocky ground, where they drew up and gave their blown horses a rest.

Meanwhile the Indians below were trying to round up the band of stolen horses and cattle in the alfalfa. They had evidently planned to water the stock here, cross the stream and gain the fastnesses beyond. The ranchers' bridge and the wheat field happened to be on the old ford. Below, the creek, wandering from the springs in the hills near the house, spread into a wide, reacherous marsh of alkaline mud and sand. The Indians tried to drive the cattle across this, but the foremost stuck in the bog, and one of the riders was rescued with difficulty.

Richards and Fuller saw the proceeding. They saw, too, the great anxiety of the cattle thieves to hurry on. The Indians made desperate attempts to clear the starving cattle from the feed. To allow them to gorge with the green stuff and water would certainly render them unable to travel, and the surfeit would be directly fatal to many of the brutes.

The steers and their drivers became involved in a tangled mass at the lower end of the field, where the Indians cut the wire and again tried to force the herd into the water. They might have succeeded, but Fuller, with a careful shot, sent one of the fellows from his saddle. The others drew off, and presently the entire gang of twenty or more gathered on a knoll half a mile away and held a consultation. They seemed

surprised to find the two white men disputing their path and plainly saw that the only crossing of the stream lay close to the stacks. Above and below ran the fence under rifle shot from the fort of wheat bundles.

The Apaches were in a vast hurry. They left the stolen stock and came along the foothills opposite the stacks. Time would not permit their usual game of skulking about to murder the ranchers at the opportune moment with no risk to themselves. They did not even attack the ranch house a mile distant; perhaps they had overlooked it entirely, as a ridge of rocks hid the buildings from plain view.

Presently the Indians strung out in a long line after the fashion of the skirmish

the struggling pony was stunned and lay outstretched.

The band now opened a furious fire at the top of the stack, and the men dug deep into the grain. The heavy bundles formed a barricade six feet thick all round them, and the bullets had little penetration at the cautious range the Indians chose. Lying close together in the hot straw the defenders listened to the shots and the yelling.

DRAWING
BY WILL JAMES



The charging steers
crashed through the
barbed wire

"Keep tab on 'em," said Fuller to his friend. "Now they'll come the sneak act, somehow! None of 'em has any skin to lose in a rush!"

For the next half hour things were quiet. The afternoon was well gone, and the waiting became more trying than the excitement of the fight. The men allowed the Apache by the dead pony to crawl away. Some of the Indians rode among the cattle and attempted to drive them through the fence while the others sought to silence the ranchers by deliberate long range firing. But Fuller severely wounded another of the gang as they rushed the steers to the barbed wire, and the herd spread in confusion, many of them getting about the stacks in the wheat field and bellowing with terror.

Meanwhile the Apaches had resorted to their old trick of skulking along from boulder to boulder, all but invisible on the gray ground, to within dangerous range. There would be no sign from the Indians for many minutes, then a shot would crack from some quarter and a bullet sing into the straw. The fire came from three sides of the stack and the defenders could not tell how near the enemy were creeping.

The sun set behind the western range, and just when the dusk was making everything uncomfortably uncertain the moon began to brighten the gray flint and cactus slope beyond the field.

Everything was quiet except for the restless cattle in the alfalfa. Many of them, gorged and sick, lay down, and others trampled about the ditches. The besieged, even with the closest scrutiny, could not distinguish the animals and feared some stratagem of the Apaches either to fire the stack or shoot them at close range.

But the cattle were too wild to allow an Indian to seek cover by their sides. They would hurry off at each unusual sound, and the intent watchers studied each move of the animals with reference to their defense.

The wind had been rising and now was

sweeping great clouds of dust and sand from the flat. It, too, made the ranchers' position difficult, for at times the moonlight was obscured and the valley was filled with a haze that hid the bushes and rocks that they were so carefully watching.

Once in a lull of the dust storm the Apaches fired on them. Richards and Fuller, on the windswept top of the stack, with their eyes blinded by the grit, thought the great rush had come, but the moon came out, showing the space about them clear and quiet. The cattle had gathered in the alfalfa field.

The strain of watching every yard of ground about as far as eye could see became exhausting. The shifting light, the movements of the cattle and the uncertainty of a score of crafty foes lurking about to bring death on them wore the men out nervously. The sand storm fitfully rose and died away. The ranchers thought it would cease after midnight and also that, owing to the Apaches' aversion to undertaking anything in the dark, they might be unmolested until daylight. They had hardly a dozen cartridges left, and another attack would leave them helpless.

They were anxiously watching for a trace of dawn, though the dust still blew intermittently, when Fuller noted some movement among the cattle. He whispered to his companion and they watched the bunch for many moments. The herd moved off slowly until it was lost in the gloom.

"I think they're rounding up the steers to travel," said Richards. "They can't ford the creek for five miles down; even then they'll be in the mud flat. I'll bet those bucks know every foot of the land!"

The wind had now come up again, tearing off vast volumes of dust from the dry hills. The storm rolled down, so thick that the men could hardly see the road. Then, through the dust, they suddenly saw a plunging mass of cattle coming straight for the creek bridge. The men sprang up with their rifles ready for use. Just as the van of the herd was abreast of the stack, they saw among the steers, riding low in the saddles, a dozen of the Apaches.

The Indians had rounded up the cattle and got them under way for the ford, thinking their very impact would break the wire obstruction. The charging steers crashed through the barbed strands as if they were straws and dozens of the animals were hurled into the soft creek bed. The Apaches set up a shrill yelling when the cattle broke through. It was a scene of the wildest confusion, cattle bellowing and fighting on the culvert, the loose horses snorting in fear of their horns, and the Indians, riding low and urging the herd on.

Then the frail culvert broke. The weight of the cattle carried them into the creek in a struggling mass. The rear ones stamped back, sweeping the Indians helplessly along, running down horses and men in their mad flight. The Apaches' yells of rage and disappointment let the men know of the failure of the rush. A score of shots blazed out in the dark at the wheat stack, but the defenders, with but a half-dozen cartridges left, reserved their fire for the last fight.

Fortunately it did not come. Little Coyote and his thieving band escaped across the valley miles below at daylight, an hour before the pursuing cavalry of the United States Army reached the ranch.

Thanks to the plucky defense that Richards and Fuller made of their own lives and property the Apaches lost all the spoils of their raid. Most of the live stock eventually found its way back to the rightful owners.

That was the last and worst experience which the proprietors of the fruitful little valley ranch had with the dreaded raiders of the Southwest.

NEXT WEEK

A Great Story by

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM TUCKER

By

George Halsey Gillham

III. "THE OCEAN QUEEN"

WE were now all ready to sail. We wrote another code note to John, telling him that we should start at five P.M. on Monday from our wharf at the mouth of Wolf River. We instructed him to meet us "below the bridge," and we would make a landing and take him aboard.

That Monday was one of the busiest, most exciting, hottest and happiest days of my life. It seemed we had a hundred things to do. We had to go back after lemons to make lemonade, and we had a terrible time getting two hundred pounds of ice. Hicks was on board, hiding in the closet, for fear of an attack by Hamon.

At last and about on time we got away. I untied the line from the willow tree and threw the end of the rope in the river as I made a mighty leap for the deck. I landed with one foot, but the other splashed through the water. What did a river man care for that? I rolled up my trousers halfway to my knees, and also rolled up the sleeves of my blue flannel shirt, and stood by the after sweep to guide the boat. I don't know why I wore a blue flannel shirt on that very hot day, except that I had seen river men wearing flannel shirts.

Seated on the top of the cabin in a comfortable canvas chair under the floating yellow cornucopia was Charley. He wore his older brother's silk shirt, a pair of his father's silk socks and his sister's tennis shoes. He had on his own newly laundered and spotlessly white duck trousers and a white canvas hat pulled down over his eyes. In his left hand he carelessly held his mother's opera glasses. Charley's breast swelled out; I certainly was proud of him. He was playing the part of "owner" or something of that kind. From his clothes, his posture and his expression you would have supposed he owned all the steamboats between St. Paul and New Orleans.

With the wonderful silk flag gracefully fluttering over our stern, we slowly floated out into the current, before a grinning crowd of shanty-boat people who yelled good luck after us in their own peculiar way. I had to begin work at once on the big oar so as to get the boat into the stream and keep her there. It was not far to the Mississippi, and we were soon out in the swift current of the mighty river, which at this point makes against the Tennessee shore with tremendous force. The water was more than a hundred feet deep. The whirlpools were often very powerful, and many an unlucky swimmer has been sucked under and never seen again. The river at Memphis was always at least a mile wide, and during an overflow it would be about forty miles wide, extending a long distance into Arkansas. Memphis itself is built on bluffs, which are high above the river. This high shore on the Tennessee side extends south some four or five miles and then the shore line suddenly descends almost to a level with the river.

When we were once fairly out in the current, Hicks came out for air, and we left him to do what steering and paddling was necessary. It was a wonderfully free feeling to be out there on the big river at last and to see old Memphis slipping by. We gazed at the long row of steamboats, the busy levee, the weather-beaten buildings on Front Row and the beautiful Custom House with its two towers. There was a great babble of talk, laughter and shouts, ringing of steamboat bells and blowing of whistles. Ahead of us stretched the great bridge—the last bridge on the Mississippi as one descends the river. I wondered why people would live in a hot, stuffy city, when there was such a big river to ride upon.

We heard the hoarse whistle of a steamboat and saw a big side-wheeler backing out

to make her departure. She began to turn in a big circle and was headed directly for us.

"Get on that sweep there, you boys," yelled Hicks.

We obeyed with the utmost alacrity and managed to get out of the way of the steamboat, but it seemed to us that we did not have much room to spare. As the big steamer passed, the waves struck us and rocked the Ocean Queen until I thought everything in the boat would be broken. Dishes, pans, skillet, cans, cups fell down and began to roll all about the boat. Our efforts to avoid the steamboat had sent us farther and farther out on the river until we were now about the middle of the stream. We had to work on the sweeps to go still farther toward the Arkansas shore in order to get round one of the big piers of the bridge.

We then began to think of John. He was to meet us "below the bridge" on the Tennessee side. As soon as we passed under the bridge we all began working on the sweeps for dear life, trying to bring our boat to the Tennessee side. These sweeps are simply big, clumsy oars, which work on a pivot. Charley and I worked one and Hicks the other, but we were swept on down toward President's Island, and it began to look as if John would sojourn yet a little longer in Memphis. It was killing work pulling on the big rough handles, but old Hicks was strong and gradually we approached the

scrambled aboard. He had been running for a mile or more, with a suitcase in one hand and a guitar in the other. He was covered with mud, but we soon scraped off the worst of it, and as we got into the current again we were all supremely happy, though exhausted from our efforts.

Under the circumstances we decided to make an early landing this first day. We worked the boat close to the Tennessee shore a few miles farther along and landed near a public road. We put out several lines to hold the Queen's bow on to the bank and then displayed our business sign. No one could enter the boat except by way of the store door.

Every person who came along the road was attracted by our shipshape, freshly painted shanty boat. Every one came down the bank to see the boat, and John and Charley did not let many of them get away without selling them something.

Hicks and I were busy putting up one of our new tents on a nice level spot on the bank. We had those tents and we wanted to try them out. A big powerful negro who was standing by volunteered to help. He said his name was Tom Green, and that he had just walked down from Memphis. We got to talking about shanty boats, and Tom said he saw that morning a yellow shanty boat up in Nonconah Creek, about four miles north. We questioned him more closely and became convinced it was Hamon's boat.



DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON

his big white eyes and seemed to hesitate. Charley pulled a new two-dollar bill out of his vest pocket and handed it to Tom.

"There's a two-dollar bill for you," said Charley, "and when you come back with the report here is a five spot for you, and here's two-bits more you can have now to get something to eat at the Ocean Queen store before you start."

These inducements would have been too much for any ordinary negro. Tom yielded at once. After buying bologna sausage, sardines and crackers he started back for Nonconah Creek. We heard no more of him until about ten o'clock that night, when as we sat round the camp fire in front of the tent he walked up. One trousers leg was torn off at the knee, his shirt was in tatters, and one arm was bandaged with rags.

"For goodness' sake, Tom, what has happened to you?" I exclaimed.

"Well, Mr. William, it's more'n enough happened to me, since I been gone from here," replied Tom as he took his seat on a box by the fire. "You see, when I got down thar to Nonconah, it was jes' dusk dark, an' they wan't nobody round that shanty boat. I lay quiet like in de weeds till it got pitch black dark, and still dey wan't nobody come round thar. Then I make up my mind my time done come to hide myself jist lack you say. I rises up outo' de weeds and creeps down to de boat and listen very quiet for a while, an' I don't hear nothin', so I jist make bold and climb right up on top of de boat. It was so dark you couldn't see yo' hand befo' your face."

"Well, after while I hear 'em comin', and my heart beat mighty fast, I can tell you. They come on in the boat and fetched a lot of groceries what they brought from town. They cooked supper and set there an' eat without much talk. But after while old Hamon set down in a cher and bump back 'ginst de wall and say:

"'Ginnie, what I'm a-thinkin' is this: after I cuts Hicks' throat, which I'm a-goin' to do, we'll be plumb safe right here in this boat after I paint it green, which I'm a-goin' to do tomorrow. We can jist float on down and put old peg-leg and that boy what eavesdrops outo' de way, and then it won't be nothin' to bother us 'twixt here and New Orleans."

"Hamon say he knowed you all done came on down de river; he done hid in dat lumber yard on

Wolf River and watch you when you left. "I commence to think how was I goin' to get down from top of that boat, 'cause I didn't feel like stayin' up thar much longer; I was jist naterally feared to move—and yet I kept on feelin' something was callin' me at home. But how was I gwine to get



"For goodness sake, Tom, what has happened?"

Tennessee shore. We could see some one running along the shore at the foot of the high, steep, yellow clay bluffs. We had a long pull and John had a long run, for the runner turned out to be John. We finally made a landing and John, wild-eyed, scarcely able to speak for lack of breath,

Hamon must have moved down from Hatchie River, north of Memphis, to Nonconah Creek, south of Memphis.

We told Tom we would pay him well if he would go to Hamon's boat, conceal himself, listen to the conversation for an hour or so, and come back and report to us. Tom rolled

thar? I lay thar and think and think, and I just knew if I made a move they was gwine to hear me, so at last I gets just in a fit of desperation and I decide to jump off an' run. I makes de jump, but this here pants leg must have caught on a hook, or nail, or somethin' in de dark, and there I was pawin' round on de roof, makin' a fuss like seven fire engine horses on a plank flo', an' I jist naterally couldn't get loose to save my life. Old Hamon he runs out de door and hollers out: "What the jumpin' Jehoshaphat is that ar up on that ar roof?"

"Ginnie, she yells out, 'It's a catamount, that's what it is, an' it's a-gwine to jump down on ye. Get outo' de way.'"

"But old Hamon he grabs up a pole, and he whale down on de middle of my back, and I thought he sho' done bust me in two; but still I couldn't get myself loose offen that hook, and Ginnie she runs out and throws a kittle of hot water up thar on me, an' that's when I tore half my pants off and hits de groun'. White folks, I sho' done some runnin', but it was so dark, I run up 'ginst a barb wire fence, and tore myself all to pieces, and here I is—what's left of me."

Charley gave Tom his five dollars, and three dollars extra to buy a new pair of pants. Tom slept by the fire all night.

Camping out in the new tent was fine, except for the mosquitoes. We either had to be blinded by smoke or bitten by mosquitoes all the time. The result was that the next morning we were peppered with bites from head to foot.

We packed up and got back on our nice, big shanty boat as quickly as possible and cast off and floated on down the river. After dinner we found comfortable places and took much needed naps. As the afternoon advanced it grew hotter. Hicks was busy in the cabin washing dishes, but John, Charley and I got over on the shady side of the boat, pulled off our shoes and socks, rolled up our trousers and sat down on the deck, letting our feet drag through the water. We leaned back against the cabin

wall in perfect peace and happiness. John started a song, and we all joined in with a will. The words ran something like this:

"Oh, see the boat come round the bend—
Good-by, my lover, good-by!
Oh, see the boat come round the bend—
Good-by, my lover, good-by!
Oh, see the boat come round the bend—
She's loaded down with Memphis men—
Good-by, my lover, good-b—y!"

The weather became hotter and more oppressive. The sun seemed almost unbearably hot. The wind died away, and far off to the southwest we could see great banks of dark clouds, tipped with white, like mountains of whipped cream on top of some dark-blue liquid in a giant's bowl. Perspiration began to stand out on all of us in big drops, and everything began to get quiet. The dark clouds slowly but constantly swelled forward and upward. Then we could see distant flashes of lightning and hear far off rolls of thunder. Our flag hung limp. Hicks advised us to take it down, man the sweeps and pull for the shore.

A little ripple came across the smooth water, and we could see the trees on the Arkansas side began to wave and bend. A few scattering big drops of rain pattered down. Then the atmosphere was split in twain by a terrible bolt of lightning and an awful crash of thunder. The wind hit us and careened the boat. We could see the white rain coming in a long straight line. We were working those sweeps to the very best of our ability, but the storm won the race. It struck us so hard that for a moment the Ocean Queen stopped as if she had run aground. The rain was driven across the river in almost horizontal floods at times, and it felt like ice water. After the very hot day, this water chilled us to the bone. Our teeth chattered, and our fingers and lips turned blue. Hicks yelled commands, we struggled with the sweeps, and presently the Ocean Queen went flying into the bank.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A TWELFTH-NIGHT PARTY

TWELFTH NIGHT is one of the best times of the year for a good party. It comes on the eve of the twelfth day after Christmas, January 6, and commemorates the visit of the Magi to the infant Christ. It is an old English holiday and used to be known as the "Feast-tide of ye Star."

Write your invitations in old-fashioned script on star-shaped cards decorated with tiny gilt stars. Something like this is appropriate:

"To ye bolde lads and faire lasses, greeting: When ye watchman hath cried 'Eight o'clock and all is well' come ye to the house of Mistress Raleigh and join ye merrie companie in ye gay pastimes upon Twelfth Night."

Make it a fancy-dress party if you like and have the costumes follow the old English styles in their gaudiest features. Old Befana will be present, of course, and the court jester, a king and queen, lords and ladies and other noble subjects. A search through old histories or illustrated copies of English novels will give details for many costumes.

Begin the party with lively games like Blind Man's Buff, London Bridge and Puss in the Corner, which will at once put the guests on an informal footing and break up stiffness.

"Stirring the plum pudding" is a good old English game. Place in a circle enough chairs to seat all but one of the company and in the centre of the circle put a huge pan of sawdust and a big spoon. Beside the pudding pan put a dish containing the "plums," small candies wrapped in oiled paper. At a signal all rush for the chairs. The one left standing has to stir the pudding, adding a plum or two. When that player drops the spoon it is a signal for all to change chairs, one of which is taken away. That is repeated until all but one chair have left the circle. Then the winner passes the pudding, and each player hunts for a plum.

The crowning feature of a Twelfth Night party is the cake. It may be cut at the beginning of the evening or served at the supper table. It is very large and may be any kind, but the proper thing is an English fruit cake. A pea, a bean and a clove are baked in it. Put the cake on the table whole and let each guest cut a slice. The guest who finds the bean is proclaimed king, the one who finds



the pea, queen, and the clove goes to the court jester.

The cake looks very pretty on a thick mat of Christmas greens decorated with candles. Around the edge of the mat stands a fence of Fourth-of-July sparklers. To get a startling effect, turn off the lights and light the candles and sparklers at the same time. With the cake serve "wassail," a simple fruit punch, served from a bowl twined with Christmas greens in glasses that have a tiny sprig of green fastened on with a rubber band.

Do not serve "light refreshments" at a Twelfth Night party. Such things were unheard of in "ye olden time in Merrie England." Instead, the "groaning festal board" was the order of the day. Some of the appropriate dishes to serve would be chicken pie, preferably small individual pies, tarts, plum-pudding, raisins, nuts and candied fruits.

For the centrepiece of the dining-table, use a "Jack Horner pie" filled with favors, which Befana, the Santa Claus of Twelfth Night, will distribute. To make the pie, cover a big pan with a brown tissue "crust" and stick some birds' heads through the top. (They may be cut out of paper and mounted on cardboard.)

As Twelfth Night is the time when every vestige of the Christmas greens must be taken down and burned, arrange your programme so as to leave plenty of time for that before midnight. They must be burned as a peace offering to the evil spirits and to ward off ill luck for the coming year. If there is a fireplace in the room, burn them there; if not, burn them in an open bonfire in the back yard. Remember that Twelfth Night ends at midnight.

Contest letters on "How I Made My Christmas Money" are due January 5. This is your last chance. Get busy.

Hazel Gray

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street, Boston.

LOCKERBIE LEARNS SOMETHING

(Continued from page 944)

and down the floor raced the scrubs. Then came a break. Wilson scored under the basket. Twenty-one to fifteen. John Waite registered a free throw after being fouled by the raging Hillgate centre. Twenty-one to sixteen.

Waite snagged the next tipoff from the Hillgate centre, snapped it to Wilson, who in turn shot to Jimmie, between the centre and the Hillgate floor guard. Down went Waite to the right, and Thurston to the left. Disdaining Byers, the floor guard charged on Waite. The back guard covered Thurston. Jimmie hesitated, dribbled two steps and then brought up short as if to set for a shot. Hillgate's centre flashed past and whirled to face him. Jimmie motioned as if to shoot, and the centre threw up his arms. Thereupon Jimmie tossed to Wilson, rushing past him, and Wilson dribbled under the basket. Wilson shot, but missed, whereupon the tireless Jimmie Byers batted the ball up and into the basket as it came down off the boards. Twenty-one to eighteen.

Hillgate scored on a long shot and then called time out. But the rest did no good, for a minute after play was resumed Lockerbie's closely-knit attack (just like football interference, but with the ball changing hands instead of being carried by one man) registered another basket. Twenty-three to twenty.

Hillgate's coach sent in a substitute. The sub brought instructions. Each Hillgate man covered one Lockerbie scrub.

It was an age before any more scoring was done. The ball moved back and forth on the floor like a ping-pong ball over a table. But it went in short passes toward the Hillgate goal and in long shots the other way when Hillgate got hold of it. Though breathing hard, Jimmie and his scrubs were still going strong. The Hillgate men were fighting for wind, struggling for needed endurance.

A long Hillgate pass was caught near the Lockerbie basket by Les Moore, and back came the Lockerbie scrubs to take it down the floor again. All of them were covered. Les Moore dribbled slowly toward the centre. Jimmie Byers slipped away from Hillgate's centre and took a short pass.

"Down the floor, Les," he yelled, and the back guard charged for the Hillgate basket. Jimmie dribbled two steps after him, but a warning yell from frenzied Lockerbie rooters assailed his ears. He slipped the ball at Moore, but Les was not ready for it. He could not recover in time to shoot before running out of bounds, but he did bat the ball at Wilson. Hillgate's back guard knocked the ball out of Wilson's hands, but he batted it directly at Jimmie, again coming down the floor with the Hillgate centre at his heels. Unable to catch the ball or check his own rush, Jimmie, quick as a flash, bounced it with one hand at Les Moore, coming back in on the floor under the basket, and Les slipped it up at the backboard. Luckily, amid a terrific roar from the Lockerbie crowd, it circled the hoop and rolled down through the netting. Twenty-three to twenty-two!

Running back to position, Jimmie saw Hillgate's centre speaking to the timekeeper, who held up one finger. Jimmie called for time out.

"Boys all in, now," sneered Armstrong. "Hey, fellows," called Jimmie, motioning the scrubs. "Only one minute to play. I asked the score. Twenty-three to twenty-two against us. Hillgate will stall. Centre will tip backwards, and they'll hold the ball."

"What'll we do?" demanded Moore. "You and Thurston and Wilson all run for the Hillgate basket when the ref throws up the ball," ordered Jimmie. "Waite and I will fight for that ball. If we get it, we'll pass."

Up went the ball, and down the floor raced the three scrubs. Jimmie eyed the ball. Hillgate's centre flipped it backward, and Jimmie dodged around him and down the floor after it. Waite charged upon the Hillgate floor guard, set to receive the pass, and got one hand on the ball firmly enough to shove it in Jimmie's direction. Jimmie snatched the ball, stopped short, looked at the basket and saw that he had a free shot. Then, quickly bluffing a shot, he slipped the ball to Waite.

"Shoot, shoot, shoot!" screamed the Lockerbie rooters, knowing time was short. But Waite remembered the scrub strategy. He bounced the ball past the Hillgate centre, into Jimmie's hands as Jimmie dodged behind the floor guard.

"Shoot, shoot, Jimmie!" screamed the Lockerbie crowd.

But Jimmie, too, remembered. He again bluffed a toss; the back guard jumped out at him, and then Jimmie merely handed the ball to Moore, under the basket. Surrounded by four fellow scrubs for momentary protection, Les looped the ball through the ring. Twenty-four to twenty-three!

Lockerbie Hall went wild and celebrated that night, as it had never celebrated before. Armstrong and his old first team slunk out of the gym, ashamed, after the crowd had rushed upon the campus to start a bonfire.

"There's no harm in my joining the boys, is there?" Lieutenant Coleman asked.

"No more than in my joining you there," Colonel Wagner laughed. "I've got to see those boys. What a battle they put up!"

Together they made their way to the dressing-room and found five tired, winded, leg-weary but happy scrubs stretched on the floor, utterly relaxed.

"Boys, I'm proud of you," Colonel Wagner exclaimed, grasping their hands in turn. "You've taught me what the word fight means."

"And taught Hillgate some basketball," added Lieutenant Coleman.

"Basketball? It's nothing," snapped Colonel Wagner; "nothing to what they've taught Lockerbie, Lieutenant."

"How's that, sir?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Discipline, and training?"

"Yes, and more—that when you can't fight another step the thing to do is to go on fighting harder than before."

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FACT AND COMMENT

HIGH OFFICE, said D'Alembert, is like a lofty pyramid; only two kinds of creatures can reach the top, reptiles and eagles.—The Youth's Companion, August 10, 1827.

Pursue the Path because of Where it Goes, And not because it is the Path you Chose.

NO ONE CAN FIND FAULT with the Turkish authorities for too much leniency. The other day a man whose offense was posting up a placard ridiculing the government's decree that the fez must go and felt hats of the Western type must be worn instead was actually put to death by hanging. And in the United States several thousand men—and a number of women—get away with murder every year, and no one seriously thinks of hanging them.

CRAYFISH ARE SO PUGNACIOUS that if two of them are put into the same crate or open pen one will kill the other, or, like the farmer's dog, die, barking at the hole. That is why, when the University of Washington shipped a dozen rare specimens from its aquarium in Seattle to the fish pool in New York, the shippers wound up each crayfish in yards of wet cheesecloth. The consignment came through whole and healthy, but, oh, if some crayfish dictaphone could have recorded what they said to one another during their trip across the continent!

PUTTING MORE WATER INTO THE GREAT LAKES

As soon as it became known that the level of the lower Great Lakes was certainly falling, from whatever cause or complex of causes, it might safely have been predicted that some engineering genius would shortly appear with a plan for restoring the waters of Lakes Huron, Michigan, Erie and Ontario to their former depth. Modern engineers are both resourceful and daring. They are not afraid to undertake any reasonable reconstruction of the earth's surface, and they think and plan in terms of magnitude that would have seemed incredible to their predecessors.

The prediction, if made, would already have been verified. A Canadian engineer, Mr. C. Lorne Campbell, proposes to accomplish the salvation of the Great Lakes by creating in the wild country around Lake Nipigon, north of Lake Superior, a sixth lake, fifteen thousand square miles in area,—twice the size of Lake Ontario,—and turning the waters of this reservoir southward into Lake Superior. He says that this plan will discharge into the Great Lakes a volume of water much greater than that now diverted from them by the Chicago drainage canal, though that is now equivalent to a river one third the size of the united Missouri and Mississippi rivers at St. Louis.

Look at a map of the province of Ontario. In its western part, north of Lake Superior, you will see a stretch of uninhabited wilderness perhaps five hundred miles long and reaching all the way to Hudson Bay. This country is full of lakes, big and little, and of streams that empty into those lakes. A great part of all this water flows into the Albany River, which drains a vast watershed and flows east into James Bay. The Albany basin, says Mr. Campbell, is constructed by nature for the exact purpose he has in mind. Toward its lower end it runs between two heights of land which approach so closely that a huge dam can without much difficulty be thrown across the river. Above this point the valley widens, but one hundred and fifty miles away the heights again approach conveniently, this time on the Ogoke, a tributary of the Albany. A dam built at this point will close the basin at its western end. Into it will pour the water from thousands of lakes and streams. The watershed between this region and Lake Nipigon, which in turn empties into Lake Superior, is so low that it will be a simple matter, from an engineering point of view, to dig a canal that will turn all this accumulated water southward into the Great Lakes instead of eastward into James and Hudson bays.

Mr. Campbell believes the project is entirely feasible, that it could be accomplished in five or six years and would cost perhaps \$200,000,000. So vast and costly an undertaking is not likely to be begun until the necessity of it is apparent to all the interests



Keystone

AN AMERICAN HOUSE IN PARIS

IN speaking of the Exposition of Decorative Art held last summer in Paris we told our readers that the United States was unrepresented because our designers had no original styles to show. They have been satisfied to develop the work of the past, particularly the classical motives that animate our colonial and early nineteenth century furniture and ornament. But there is going to be another exposition at Paris in 1926 in which the American exhibits are sure to attract a great deal of attention. That is the exhibition of household appliances and labor-saving devices to be held at the Grand Palais. There is a field in which Americans can show the world something worth looking at. When it comes to designing and fitting out of bathrooms, to perfecting central heating systems and kitchen ranges and to applying electricity and mechanical power to the work of washing, lighting, sweeping and many other tasks of housekeeping, the United States is first—and there is no second.

All these contributions of Yankee ingenuity to the aid and comfort of the housewife are to be exhibited to the wondering gaze of Europe in a charming frame house of a type that is very common in the suburban towns and smaller cities of the country. Architecturally, as the picture shows, it is a modern adaptation of the white-painted cottage or farmhouse that our ancestors used to build in the eighteenth century. The house was built in sections, in this country and is to be transported across the ocean and set up on the exposition grounds

in Paris. It will be finished in painted wood and plaster like most American homes and furnished with chairs, tables and sofas in what we usually call the "colonial" style. Frame houses are rare in Europe, except in Norway and Switzerland, and the American house will naturally attract attention on that account, but we can be sure that both in design and furniture it will meet with respect from persons of taste.

But we expect the things that will chiefly interest the visitors to the exposition are the contrivances for reducing the amount of necessary drudgery about housekeeping. The heating apparatus, the electrical range, the vacuum cleaner, the electric refrigerator, the washing machine, the dish washer and the handy devices for toasting bread, cooking waffles and percolating coffee are bound to attract the notice and, no doubt, to excite the envy of the French housewives. Our contributions to the art of living, as befits a people at once practical and imaginative, are in the direction of making housework cleaner, simpler and less laborious. We have a good deal to learn from other countries about the organization and conduct of our social life, but we can in return teach them something about making the job of housekeeping attractive.

When the exposition is over the American house will remain in France, to become the real home of a French family. It will be given to the French man or woman whom the authorities select as having done something of real value to "la patrie."

and governments concerned. But it is an exceedingly ingenious plan, and, so far as we know, the only one that offers any promise of checking the gradual depletion of the Great Lakes, the free navigation of which is so important both to the United States and to Canada.

THE LAND OF NO MORE HOMEWORK

RUSSIA has taken another step—boys and girls will call it a stride!—toward the Utopia that the soviet leaders promised back in 1917. The University of Education has announced that all homework in the public schools is forbidden—not optional, mind you, but forbidden!

It almost seems as if we should have heard the reverberating cheer that went up from millions of young throats at the glad tidings. For that announcement—that Junior Emancipation Proclamation, as it were—removes one of the greatest grievances that boys and girls have against school. Only two other important ones remain; they are recorded in the old chant that schoolboys sometimes sing on their way on the last day of school:

"No more homework, no more books,
No more teacher's angry looks."

The Ministry of Education may be familiar with that chant. At any rate, it has an-

nounced also its intention of increasing the pay of teachers to the equivalent of the wages of skilled workmen—news that certainly should soften, if not wholly eliminate, those "angry looks." When that reform has been effected, we may expect a blow at the third grievance—the books.

The University of Education is not wholly indifferent to what the school children do after hours. It suggests that they keep diaries and write brief accounts of anything that interests them; but it stipulates that they must not spend more than an hour a day on such work, and before Sundays and holidays it must be omitted altogether.

What is the purpose of such a "benevolent" programme of education? It is propaganda, of course. Since the beginning of soviet rule Russia has been flooded with propaganda of all kinds, most of it designed to make good Bolsheviks of the people, much of it aimed at the young. The control of education is a potent force. By means of a benevolent policy the government can create in the minds of the young good will toward Bolshevism—good will that, being implanted at an impressionable age, will last long.

A benevolent policy has another important influence: it keeps the intellect of the masses at a sufficiently low and safe level. Bolshevism is essentially a "leveling down"; it has to be, in order to exist. Boys and girls

who learn too much, who acquire the knack of thinking for themselves, are not wanted in Soviet Russia. They would grow into men and women who would be too hard to handle.

CHERRY STONES

DON'T think that because you are always busy at something you are therefore necessarily well employed. It depends upon what you are doing. A native Japanese Christian has just completed the task of copying the whole of the Bible by hand on a single scroll a little more than six feet long. No doubt his motive was pious and commendable, but what has he in return for the seven years that he has spent on the task? A new and original copy of the Bible? Yes, but there were already millions of copies in hundreds of different languages, each copy more easily legible than his. A greater familiarity with the book? No doubt, but he could have got that in half the time by reading. All that he really has for his pains is a curious piece of penmanship.

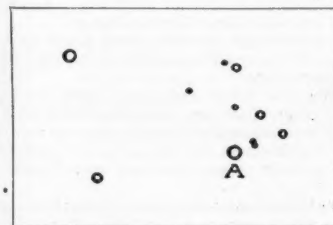
John Boyle O'Reilly once wrote a poem called *An Art Master*. It tells the story of a man whose occupation was carving cherry stones into marvelously minute representations of faces, butterflies and flowers. He was always busy at it and lived a blameless and inoffensive life. But here is the last stanza of the poem:

*For such rude hands as dealt with wrongs and passions,
And throbbing hearts, he had a pitying smile;
Serene his way through surging years and fashions,
While Heaven gave him his cherry stones and file.*

The world will always provide cherry stones for those who are content to carve them; but to those who have the courage to climb the heights and the strength to use the mallet it offers ledges of enduring granite and blocks of flawless marble.

THE STARS THIS WEEK

HALFWAY between Orion and the Pleiades, high to the eastward, is the constellation Taurus, the Bull. Its chief star is the red Aldebaran (A). This star is at the left-hand upper corner of a "V"



(which however is now seen lying on its side) by which the constellation is oftenest recognized. This "V" marks the bull's face, and the red star is his eye. It is easy to imagine long, straight horns extending to the left to the two bright stars shown in the illustration. The star at the tip of the upper horn belongs to another constellation, Auriga, but is also used to piece out Taurus.

Aldebaran, like Betelgeuse in Orion and Antares in the Scorpion, is a giant red star. Until recently it was thought that these red stars were in the latter stage of cooling down, very old stars, about to disappear. But recent measurements show that they are enormously extended, thousands of times larger than ordinary stars, and perhaps at the beginning of their history rather than nearing their ends.

The doublet in the "V" next to Aldebaran is a good test for sharp eyes. The whole group is well worth looking at, too, with an opera glass. This is one of the richest regions of the sky. It was very fortunate that a solar eclipse occurred with this background just when the astronomers wished to test Einstein's theory by measuring the displacement of stars seen close to the sun.

This group of stars was called the Hyades by the Romans. Vergil speaks of them as "the rainy Hyades." They were associated with the rainy season in the minds of ancient navigators. Aldebaran means "the follower," since it follows the Pleiades.

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Things We Talk About

A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW to listen to music writes our article about it this week. Philip Hale has been for years a dramatic and musical critic of Boston, first for the Post, then the Journal, and now the Herald. He is an accomplished organist and a journalist of unusual versatility, for he was one of the earliest and is one of the most consistently entertaining newspaper "column conductors" in the United States.

CHRISTIAN A. HERTER, who contributes the remarkable "close-up" sketch of Herbert Hoover on page 947, was Mr. Hoover's secretary for years, during which he adhered to "the Chief's" working schedule of sixteen hours every day. Some people still imagine that high positions are won and held by luck or chance.

AND NOW COMES HAZEL GREY, struggling out from behind a small Mount Everest of letters from girls who read The Youth's Companion. "I'm beginning to feel that I really know them all personally," she says, "and that is the way I want to feel. I am just as excited about the really great surprise for girl readers that is coming next week as if I were showing it to my closest friends. Meanwhile, the desk drawer where I keep the Christmas Money Contest letters is overflowing with new and clever ideas, and the winner will be announced within three weeks. There is a new contest in this issue too; and what fun we are having with the China painting, and the new parties, and games, and embroidery, and beauty!"

There is no way to put Hazel Grey's sunny enthusiasm into paper and print. You will have to read some of her letters (a great many will be published next week) and look at her great surprise, on which she has been working hard for weeks. The first issue of the Hundredth Year is a delightful place for it—but every week of the whole New Year will bring a new and welcome surprise to Youth's Companion readers. Watch for next week's issue, Volume 100, Number 1.

Dear Tommy
I hope you
will come to my
party at my
house on Thurs-
day at 3 O'clock
Margaret Crane



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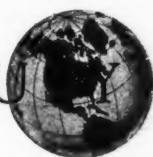
With its two crisp wafers enclosing a

delightfully flavored creamy center, Nabisco is a delicious treat and a nourishing one too; like all the products baked by "Uneeda Bakers" it contains only pure and wholesome ingredients.

Remind your mother to get a supply of these famous sugar wafers to serve at your next party.

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THIS BU WORLD



The Aircraft Board Reports

The board which President Coolidge appointed to study the general situation with regard to aviation has made its report. It is full of interesting matter, and it gives evidence of patient study and judicial temper on the part of the board. There is no room here to go into the entire report, but the board's conclusions on two points in particular are worth setting down. To the question, "Is the United States in danger of a destructive air attack by any political enemy?" it replies, "No." Airplanes are not at present capable of carrying on a sustained offensive at a distance of several thousand miles from their base, and are not soon likely to become so. To the question, "Ought the air service of the Army and Navy to be withdrawn from the control of those departments and unified in a single service?" the board also answers, "No." But it does recommend the appointment of assistant secretaries in each department to have direct authority over the flying arm, the control of the services by officers with flying experience, better pay and surer promotion for aviators and the presence on the General Staff of at least one flying officer.

Guessing About the Future

One of the fascinating subjects on which astronomers like to try their wits is the age of the earth and its probable lease of life as an independent planet. Professor MacMillan of Chicago University has recently given it as his opinion that the solar system will go out of business by the gradual absorption of the smaller planets by the greatest—Jupiter—on account of the strong gravitational pull that that great planet exerts upon them. In that case there will be left only the sun and one monster planet revolving around it; though we should suppose Mercury, for example, would be more likely to fall into the sun, which is comparatively near at hand, than into Jupiter, which is a long way off. However, it is all hypothesis; and

even if Professor MacMillan has made a good guess at the way in which the earth is to come to an end, we need not be uneasy, for he sets the time of our merger with Jupiter five hundred billion years in the future.

One Dictator Less

Gen. Primo de Rivera, who has ruled Spain for two years as the head of a military dictatorship, has retired as "Captain-General," but has accepted office as premier of a "constitutional" cabinet. Primo de Rivera has shown both ability and patriotism in his management of Spanish affairs, and the country is unquestionably in better condition politically than it was when he assumed control. There has been a steadily growing dissatisfaction with the dictatorship, however, and Primo de Rivera is by no means so determined and ambitious a man as the Italian dictator Mussolini.

A Buddhist Missionary Movement

Religions which have the breath of life in them and are earnestly believed in by their votaries are pretty sure to develop a propaganda. Christianity has been a missionary religion from the very first—never more so than today. Mohammedanism set out boldly to convert the world, though the soldier and not the preacher was its accredited missionary. Now we learn that the Buddhists of China and Japan are going to undertake a movement for the spread of their religion by means of preaching tours and a wide distribution of Buddhist books and magazines written in the principal languages of the Western world. Perhaps the proposal recently made to the Park Commissioners of New York to erect a statue of the Indian sage in Central Park is part of the plan. There are now said to be about 133,000,000 Buddhists in the world. In India, where Buddha lived and taught, his religion has almost died out. Its strength is now in China, Tibet, Japan, Korea, Siam and Burma.

Next Week

ON THE WAY TO THE PRESIDENCY, A Hitherto Unpublished Letter Written by Calvin Coolidge in 1895

A SEA-ISLAND BOY'S CONSCIENCE, by James B. Connolly, illustrated by C. LeRoy Baldrige

JOHN PAUL JONES, by Paul Hollister

THE GLORY OF PEGGY HARRISON, Chapter 7

THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM TUCKER, Chapter 4

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FROM THE TRAIN

By

Victor Starbuck

*I watch the woodlands hurrying by
And wonder whither do they fly.
And how the saplings' hastening feet
Can be so sure, and yet so fleet.
The cornfields charge in massed phalanx,
The orchards march in steady ranks;
The racing pine trees never tread
Upon a thistle's purple head.*

*It seems so strange to see the land
Go rushing by on either hand,
As if it ran a race with death
And dared not even stop for breath.
But now a town, with banks and shops,
Comes hurrying up; slows down; then stops
To let some folk get on the train—
Then madly hurries on again.*

*And yet I wonder—does it seem
To all the things that past me stream
That they stand still, while it is I
Who go so wildly hurrying by?
But somewhere, far along the track,
I know that home comes hurrying back;
And all I have to do is sit
Here on the train, and wait for it.
I know that Mother will be there;
So what they think I do not care!*



ROSES OF FRIENDSHIP

"I NEVER understood the real fragrance of friendship until I watched the making of my mother's rose garden," said my new neighbor, who had come from a distant state and felt the sense of strangeness. "I'd like to tell you about it if you've time to listen."

"We lived in a little old-fashioned Southern town where my father and mother had both been born and had grown to maturity. Naturally my mother knew everyone in the town, and everyone loved her, since she loved people so much herself and was a neighbor and friend to everyone around her. Then came the accident that crippled her and kept her a patient and cheerful shut-in for ten long years. During those years she planted her rose garden—or rather friends planted it for her. She had more than sixty varieties of roses in this wonderful garden, and she knew each one of them by name. She did not know them by the names the seedsmen or the botanists use, however; she knew them by the names of the friends who had planted the flowers in her friendship garden."

"If a stranger moved into the town she did not feel that she was properly initiated into the life of the community until she had planted a rose in mother's garden. Often in the spring mother would look out from her sunny window to see some neighbor down on her knees in the soil digging about her own special rose bush. It was a matter of pride with all of them to keep their roses growing and blooming. If Grandma Barton's rose bush was not doing well, mother grieved over it with her, and together they planned how to improve it. If some neighbor thought her bush had not a favorable spot, father was always there to move the fence or reset some shrub that was in the way of its growth. The little garden grew to be a source of community pride and interest, and when mother passed on in June the neighbors did not buy flowers to lay on her grave; they used the roses that grew in her own garden of friendship. Other people sent expensive flowers from the florists' shops, but the neighbors knew what mother would like best, and they could almost fancy her leaning out of Heaven's gates to see them gathering the roses for her grave in her friendship garden."

I felt the tears of appreciation in my eyes when she finished, but it was somehow such a fragrant story I wanted to pass it on.

—Frances M. Morton.



Courtesy of The Sphere

A HEAVY LOAD, BUT SHE'S SMILING THROUGH

THIS is a scene at Yarmouth, one of the great fishing ports of England. Readers of David Copperfield will remember that it was at Yarmouth that Peggotty and Ham and Little Emily and Mrs. Gummidge lived in their quaint house made out of an old fishing boat. The women of Yarmouth are an important part of the fishing industry. See these two braw and brawny fisher-lasses helping to unload a herring steamer and carrying two barrels of fish at once resting on their hips. It would take an unusually powerful man to do that—and he would have to have knack as well as strength to carry the weight very far.

CLEVER ANAGRAMS

THE cross-word puzzle came late to England, and is waning later. It has brought with it a revival of interest in other forms of word puzzles, among them that of anagrams. An anagram, which is merely a word made from transposing the letters of another word, is usually neither very difficult to make nor of much interest. But to make anagrams in which the new word or phrase bears a definite relation to the old—either of definition or of comment or of unexpected and amusing applicability—is another matter. An English lady has recently sent a list of such anagrams to an American friend, which may perhaps set Yankee wits to work to go and do likewise—or better. Here are some of them:

United—in duet. Muttering—emit grunt. Consternation—no tenor in cast; also, O Nance, 'tis torn! Congratulatory—Got a car? No! Truly? Frantically—A Carl Lint! Fly! Impatiently—Lale—My! Pin it! Instantaneous—A sun tint on sea. Metaphysicians—mystics in a heap. Pocket-handkerchief—Off reach'd pink cheek. Reception-room—No mere portico. Sweethearts—The trees saw. Desperation—A rope ends it. Earnestly—Let's yearn. Exasperating—spinage extra. Exclamations—Camel? It's an ox! Argumentatively—At it, ye vulgar men. Three-hundredweight—Truth! Ned weighed her. Appointment—Inept man top. Separated—A tear sped. Old-fashioned—I on shelf? O Dad! Correspondents—Don't e'er scorn P. S. Opening—Pin gone. Policeman—'Elp a comin'!

ANNIVERSARY OF THE UMBRELLA

A SHORT time ago the newspapers of Germany were taking note of an English anniversary scarcely noted in England; but anniversaries of all kinds are popular with Germans. This time it was the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the introduction of the umbrella into England, and long articles appeared commemorating the life and doings of the British merchant and philanthropist Jonas Hanway, the bold personage who, despite the jeers of the rabble and the politely superior smiles of their betters, first ventured upon the streets of rainy London protected by an umbrella. It was not till thirty years later that the innovation was fully accepted and his discreet example followed. Mingled with the hoots of the rowdy element that greeted Mr. Hanway's stout and ample pioneer umbrella had been the even fiercer yells and oburgations of two professionally jealous classes—the drivers of hackney coaches and the bearers of sedan chairs, who feared to lose the brisker trade they always enjoyed in bad weather.

Jonas Hanway, born in 1712, lived until 1786. He was the contemporary of Fanny Burney and Doctor Johnson, both of whom had something to say about him in his later years. Miss Burney described him as "very loquacious, extra fond of talking of what

he had seen and heard, and would be very entertaining were he less addicted to retail anecdotes and reports from newspapers." No doubt the clever lady-novelist was right; what the garrulous old gentleman had personally seen and heard, could he have confined himself to that, could scarcely have failed to be interesting, for the experiences of his life as a merchant-traveler included perilous voyages by land and sea in Russia and the Near East, fighting off pirates, having his caravan plundered by revolutionaries, and dealing with semibarbaric chieftains and potentates. His active life as a trader ceased when he inherited a fortune, and the rest of his career was that of a philanthropist.

Doctor Johnson disapproved him as a radical and a ubiquitous social busybody, saying scornfully that he "acquired some reputation by traveling abroad, but lost it all by traveling at home." But how could Doctor Johnson, consumer of tea-cup after tea-cup of strong tea to an incredible total, be expected to approve of the author of "An Essay Upon Tea, considered as pernicious to Health, obstructing Industry, and impoverishing the Nation"? Doctor Johnson, too, roaring old Tory that he was, eager for the crushing of young America, would have had even less tolerance for Jonas Hanway's pamphlet in favor of the colonies, published in 1775 and gleefully reprinted on this side of the Atlantic.

Because of his generous bequests and many philanthropies, Jonas Hanway was buried in Westminster Abbey; but it is to be feared that of the many thousand Americans who annually visit the great abbey, looking for the Poets' Corner and the tombs of kings, few spare a glance for the tomb of the gallant innovator, under the shelter of whose greatest contribution to social comfort it is more than probable, considering the climate of London, they have proceeded to their destination. Too often, alas, in a careless world, the memory of ancient benefactors is forgotten as easily as an umbrella.

THE OLDEST MAN IN EUROPE

THIS is the picture of an aged Turk, who asserts that he is the oldest man in Europe. And so he undoubtedly is, if he is 149 years old, as he claims to be. On that



Courtesy of The Sphere

Zaro Kahn

point we are inclined to be from Missouri, for the Turkish vital records are by no means worthy of implicit confidence. Zaro Kahn is incontestably very old, however; but he is not too old to work. He has been a porter nearly all his life and has now become one of the staff of guards at one of the old imperial palaces.

A SOUR NOTE

IN a certain Mid-Western university letter grades are used, A, B, C, D and E, the latter standing for complete failure. A student recently appended the following brief note to his poorly written paper:

"Dear Professor: I know this is pretty bad; but I have been awfully busy leading the campus sings and have had little time for study."

When the paper was returned, it bore a short annotation. The professor had drawn a musical clef and inserted a single note—E flat. Beneath it he had written, "Sing this!"



Gilliams Service

AN EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL BRIDGE

ONE of the most remarkable of natural wonders is this rock bridge, which arches across the Rio Mendoza, among the lower Andes in the republic of Argentina. It is called the Bridge of the Incas, but, though the ancient monarchs of the empire of Peru may have used the footway it provides, they certainly had nothing to do with constructing it. That was the work of the river below, which has now worn out its channel so deeply that the water is some eighty feet below the arch of the bridge.

QUEER NAMES

THE COMPANION recently published a paragraph in which were enumerated some extraordinary and authentic proper names, culled from British records of the day. Among them perhaps the most peculiar was that of Mr. Jolly Death. Either Mr. Death is now an aged man or his name has been inflicted in its entirety, certainly there cannot be another Jolly Death outside the family,—for well over half a century ago Mr. Death figured in an earlier collection of queer names, together with his brother. Which of the pair bore the most startling and undesirable cognomen it would be difficult to decide, for if one Death was frivolously named Jolly the other was ominously christened Sudden!

Other curious names from this earlier list included those of a twin brother and sister: Mr. White Lamb and Miss Gentle Lamb, and of a second pair, Miss Emerald Green and Mr. Meadows Green. There were also Mr. Abel Seaman, Mr. Prince Royall and Mr. Handiman Carpenter, and the Misses Lovely Rose, Fairy Glenn, Ima Darling, Pussy Catt, Netta Fish and Always Young.

Perennial youth was also wished upon their daughter in a form even less attractive by the unwise American parents of poor little Notsovery Olde. Other American oddities of personal nomenclature, collected from newspaper notices during the last five or six years, include, for girls, the names of Wisteria Vine, Gay Bird, Lucky Starr, and Friskie Foote. These names evince at least a taste for enhancement of the surname's significance by the selection of the name preceding it. Others, however, were clearly chosen for the exactly opposite desire to counteract or modify the surname—such as Peace Battle, Joy Paine, Neva Kissam, Tranquil Fitts and—worst and best of all—that unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Nott A. Hogg.

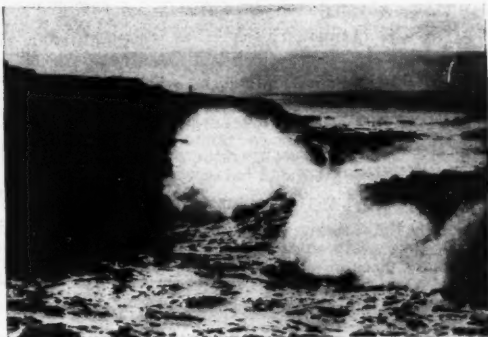
Occasionally, the collector of these names points out, very queer conjunctions are effected in all ignorance, the parents being so accustomed to hear and use the family names that the familiar syllables have quite ceased in their ears to have any dictionary meaning. The piratical or "bootlegging" suggestion of the name of a personal friend had been quite unnoticed until, to the amusement and dismay of its owner, strangers called attention to it. Written, it looks innocent enough, to be sure; but pronounced, it is certainly sinister—Rich Hall. Possibly it may have been also casual coincidence—yet it is hard to think it—that caused an infant of distinguished ancestry, Northern and Southern, to be christened, not long ago, Poore Pickens.

ODDITIES

We will pay \$3 for each photograph and description accepted for this department, and will return your print. Write your name and address on the back, inclose two cent stamp, and send it to The Oddities Editor, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

FATHER NEPTUNE

When our friends who publish The Atlantic Monthly wanted a colophon (which means printers' emblem), they went back to a Greek coin which shows Poseidon, God of the Sea. But look at this photograph—Father Neptune himself in the whitespray of a breaking wave!



BIGGEST HARMONICA

Everything looks odd when it is immensely enlarged or reduced. If the Sells-Floto circus would let you take care of Mammy, and Mammy brought her mouth organ, you certainly would have some grand Grand Opera. This reminds us of one of Ed Wynn's best jokes. "I want to do something big in the world," said a fellow actor. "Wash an elephant," replied Ed.



OH, WHAT A HEAD!

Soccer football, which attracts such enormous crowds in Great Britain and is rapidly catching on in this country, has one simple rule. You can't use your hands (except the goal keeper). Therefore, you kick the ball, and "head" it. Here is a player who seems to have a big ball for a head.



HOLD 'EM, YALE!

Trust the professional photographer to know news interest—and nose interest too! Prendergast, Princeton's line-breaking halfback, turned out for practice with this formidable headguard to protect his broken nose. An alert International Newsreel camera man earned \$3 with this snapshot. What interesting person or thing are you snapshotting today? Send in a print.



DRIVERLESS AUTO

You see some pretty poor drivers on the road. What would you say if you saw a car driving itself? It might be a relief, even so. This driverless car made a sensation on Paris streets. The inventor, M. Escoffier, controlled it from his office window; but the Keystone View Company photographer who sends it doesn't reveal the secret. Radio control?

Editor's Note: Photographs by amateurs are especially welcome for this department. Use the camera you now have; your print can be enlarged or reduced by us if necessary.

IT'S ALL FUN

By Q. Howe

III. RUNNING WILD

STRANGE indeed are the ways of mankind—stranger even than Auntie Rosie or Aristotle himself ever led me to suspect. Or is Shawmut College a law unto itself?

A few days after I had drenched the horrid Curtis in a cascade of drinking water I received a summons to appear at a dinner tendered by the Sigma Sigma Sigma Fraternity. Surely, I felt, these Greek letters augur well. Did not the brothers of Sigma Sigma Sigma perchance converse in the language of Aristotle? I could afford to take no chances and studied away at my Greek with a will.

The evening of the affair I donned my freshly pressed blue suit and a pair of bright yellow boots, which, being quite new, squeaked loudly. The hour for the meal was seven-thirty, and I appeared promptly at the fraternity house, as my wrist watch had by this time been completely repaired. I was greeted at the door by a pleasant group of fellows who addressed me, not, alas, in the classic syllables that I had so carefully rehearsed, but in that vulgar dialect of the English tongue which is generally spoken by the young men of Shawmut.

At dinner I was lucky to find a seat next to a tall, light-haired fellow who had greeted me at the door, for I did not know a soul at the table. It was, however, a good ten minutes before he turned to me and said: "So you're the guy that tried to bean Big Ed the other afternoon. They haven't taken the bandages off him yet, and he won't be able to get in there for another week."

"Indeed I am sorry to hear what I have done, but, if football is the rough game you claim that it is, I do not see how Large Edward can complain if he gets scratched."

"Well, there's ways and ways of knocking out a guy, and we don't want any Sigs pulling rough stuff on the football field. I'll give you some credit for trying to play at all, though that's more than a lot of fellows would do. But let me give you a little tip, old-timer. If you want to get along with this crowd, get out there and stick. Sigma Sigma Sigma always likes a sticker."

"I certainly want to do my share, and now that I am a member of this fine fraternity I shall cer—"

"A member of this fraternity—say, where do you get that stuff? Just pipe down, and don't go around saying you're a member of Tri-Sig until you're elected. All we're doing tonight is just giving some of you freshmen the once-over. Not one in ten of this crowd will get in."

My neighbor turned away in disgust and did not speak to me again. I left the house soon after the meal was over.

As luck would have it, the next day was the occasion of the first interdormitory game of the season, and the Pollard Hall second team was meeting the Kimball Hall seconds. Rivalry ran high, for, if Pollard won this game, they would surely win the championship of the entire college; that is, the second-team championship.

The members of the Pollard team greeted my appearance with a stream of insults.

"Hey, Fig, did you bring your blackjack?"

"Have you got your boots oiled? We want to hear the signals."

"Don't forget those brass knuckles."

"Are you going to play right tackle or time-keeper?"

"Your shoestring's untied. No, the other one."

As a matter of fact both of them proved to be securely fastened.

"Say, coach, search this man. He may mistake one of us for the Kimball Hall halfback and go after us with that piece of lead pipe he carries up his sleeve. You can't tell what a man will do without his glasses on."

To all appearances these stupid remarks left me quite calm, but inside the blood of



battle was raging hot. If they would only give me a chance, I would show them.

Naturally enough, they did not start me in the game, and I even doubt if they would have put me in at all had it not been for the large score that our team piled up. The only question seemed to be whether or not Pollard Hall would be scored on.

Early in the last quarter, with Pollard in the lead 27-0, the coach sent me in to the game. Our opponents had the ball near the middle of the field, and it was first down. The tired dirty individual opposite me in the line dug his spikes into the turf and glared at me ferociously, breathing hard. The moment the ball was shot back, instead of rushing at my adversary and falling with him into a tangled heap, I leaped lightly backward while he lunged forward. He shot past, barely saving himself from falling headlong upon the ground. But he was not satisfied and turned upon me again. Fearful of having my shin bruised once more, I leaped wildly into the air and as I fell caught my arms around somebody's neck, bearing both of us to the ground. My victim, an enormous fellow, landed on top of me, and to my astonishment I found that I had brought down the fullback and had held him to the gain of a bare half-yard. As he weighed over two hundred pounds I found myself very shaky when I rose to my feet. I was just getting my bearings when that offensive quarterback rushed up behind me and, shouting "Atta boy, Fig," caught me a blow on the shoulders that sent me reeling to the ground once more. I lifted myself to my feet and faced my adversary, dizzy but determined.

Again I practiced the same tackle, only this time, for fear of being bowled over, I scurried out toward the sidelines. Close beside me was the opposing halfback, widely circling right end. In this attempt he was, however, foiled by one of our players, who courageously threw himself upon the runner, bringing him down with a terrific crash. The impact of their fall was such that the ball escaped from the halfback's grasp and rolled out at my feet.

"Grab that ball!" yelled the tackle, and I did.

I looked about me in a daze and vaguely saw the opposing fullback point at me and then heard him yell, "Get that man!" With a blurred vision of some twenty men bearing down upon me I turned and ran.

This feat, instead of exciting the admiration of our side of the field only, also elicited

shouts of admiration from the opposing stands, and I sped down the field with both rival camps and many players joining in a deafening tribute to my prowess. I should have been a wise enough philosopher to know that such pleasure would be of short duration, and so it proved, for I caught a sideways glimpse of the wretched Curtis, no doubt insane with jealousy, rushing at me with murder in his stride. I was right. Although I swerved several

times, I could not avoid the little monster, and he leaped upon me with a crash that knocked me unconscious.

The next thing I remember was being carried off the field on a stretcher by two supporters, more loyal than the traitorous Curtis.

"That miserable Curtis has robbed me of a lot of glory and Pollard Hall of a touchdown," I groaned as soon as I could find my voice.

The foremost of the two stretcher bearers turned his head around and with an expression of indescribable disgust summarized the situation:

"You poor sap, Curtis saved the game. You were running the wrong way."

TO BE CONTINUED.



NEW PROCEEDINGS OF THE Y. C. LAB

November 21—Continued:

PROCEEDINGS

We went to work to plane a couple of nice edges for an almost invisible joint on our table top. Quite a job. The big pieces of oak had warped in the lumber house, and they didn't come together very well. Finally we got a good edge, put on the glue and clamped them down. Took it off in two hours, being in a hurry, and it immediately cracked apart. Cleaned off the glue and did it all over again. We'll let it stand forty-eight hours this time, and that ought to be enough.

November 23:

Job, with all his various troubles, never struck a day worse than we did today. Nothing went right. First, we broke our table top again after all the hard work we had getting it together. Next a shelf we were building for the dark room split where two slots were cut too deep. Fixed this, but it was annoying. Then we came to grief, over a top we were making for an electric lamp from a vase. The hole for the fixture went egg-shape and spoiled that. A day of calamities. But we went over the top just the same. Glued the table for the third time, mended the shelf and started another brass top for the lamp. We are nothing if not persistent. And tomorrow may be one of those rosy days when sailing is smooth.

Speaking of photographs, several of the interior pictures taken lately in the Lab were made at night by electricity. We used three hundred-watt bulbs for illumination. Exposure of about ten seconds.

QUESTIONS

Any boy anywhere (or his father) may ask any question about science, mechanics or engineering. Y. C. Lab Councilors will answer the questions by mail, without charge—but you must furnish return postage. A stamped, self-addressed envelope is the neatest way.

We are glad to welcome Mr. F. Alexander Magoun to the Council. He is instructor in naval architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"What load will a half-inch steel bolt carry?"—F. G. W.

Answer by Mr. Townsend: The breaking strength of a soft steel bolt is about 7500 pounds. For the sake of safety it is best not to use over 2500 pounds; in other words, use a factor of safety of three.

"How can I select the size of leather belt needed to run some machinery from an engine?"—B. T.

Answer by Mr. Townsend: Find the number of horsepower required by the machinery when in operation. Also find the circumference of the driving pulley and the number of revolutions per minute which the driving pulley makes. The circumference may be obtained with a tape measure and the revolutions per minute with a speed counter.

Multiply the circumference in feet by the speed and divide this result into the horsepower required. For light or high-speed machinery, multiply the quotient by 1000. The result will be the approximate width of "single" belt required. The nearest commercial size of belt should be used. For heavy machinery, use 560 as the constant, and the result will give you the width of double belt.

MEMBERSHIPS

Buttons and ribbons are ready. To join the Y. C. Lab as an Associate, send a description, or better still a snapshot, of some of your own work—a very simple job will be sufficient. Full particulars will be sent you by return mail. Associate Members, Members and Fellows are eighteen years of age, or less. The Councilors, Governors and Director are men. All correspondence is to be addressed to The Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

A PHEASANT CALL

A lover of birds and outdoor life, who is not so old that he has forgotten how to make a "devil's fiddle," is Mr. E. W. Frentz,



one of the Y. C. Lab Councilors and an authority on archery and wood-working. He called at the branch lab in Wollaston the other day with this cock pheasant call and showed the Members how to make one in five minutes.

"Take a small tin can," said Mr. Frentz, "for instance, a mustard box. Punch a hole in the center of the bottom, run a string through the hole, and knot the inner end of the string round a shingle nail. Then rub some rosin on the string, grip it tight, and draw your hand down the length of it."

"The result is a squawk that, when just long enough and of the right pitch, is so close an imitation of the call of a cock pheasant that a bird within hearing will usually answer. The best call is two short squawks with a very slight pause between them, or three with a very little longer pause between the first and the second."



The Wollaston Lab—First Home of the Society

Nuts to Crack

* I. TRANSPOSAL

(Example: PRIME, meal; FINE, lame.)
Ten pins fall, or maybe nine,
From the PRIME of a well-aimed ball;
Ten pins fall whenever we FINE,
But how seldom do ten pins fall!

* II. ALPHAGRAM

(Example: H-ead—L-ead—R-ead.)
Each ONE that passes brings us still
more TWO
To that THREE country where no lurking
FOUR

Shall ever come to vex us; where anew
We'll FIVE the song of angels evermore.

III. THE BIG-COMMA PUZZLE

Here is the drawing of a large-sized comma that has strayed away from its customary place in a column of type.

But wait! Did I say "a comma"? In fact, there are two commas incorporated in the diagram.

Can you, with one cut of the scissors, produce the two commas, each one the exact size and shape of the other?

You will find this a very interesting study. If you fail, then watch for the solution.



* IV. CHARADE

(Example: ONE, horse; TWO, shoe; ALL, horseshoe.)

My ONE is a rodent,
And very small at that,
That can run quite as fast
As a swift-moving rat.

My TWO is a something
So innocent and neat,
But this harmful device
I hope you will not meet.

My ALL'S a contrivance—
Oh, look out, little ONE!
Don't go into the TWO,
Or you sure are undone!

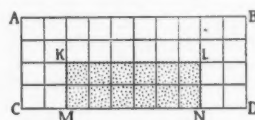
* V. CHARADE

(Example: ONE, sin; TWO, king; TOTAL, sinking.)

If I could write some catchy thing—
A jazz TWO or a serenade—
ONE all the world to play and sing,
I think my TOTAL would be made.

* VI. TRACT OF LAND

Capt. John Smith wishes so to divide his forty-acre tract, ABCD, arranged in square plots of one acre each and containing the twelve-acre bit of woodland, KLMN, that each of his four children will have a ten-acre tract with three acres of woodland in it, all these ten-acre tracts to be of the same shape and the bits of woodland also to be of the same shape. Show how this can be accomplished.



VII. TRIANGLE COMBINATIONS

Seven strokes across this figure, at the proper angles, will form fourteen separate and distinct triangles and two irregular shapes or surfaces occupying the centre.

Properly drawn, the figure as a whole

will be regular and uniform, every side corresponding to the opposite side.

After completion, a careful examination and study will disclose a grand total of fifty-four distinct triangles, large and small, counting laps and combinations. Find them all.



* VIII. DIAMOND

1. A letter. 2. The property settled by the husband upon his wife at the time of the marriage. 3. The goddess of the hearth and its fire. 4. Death. 5. The large edible berry of a tropical myrtaceous tree. 6. Raw materials. 7. Made of aspenwood. 8. Ells. 9. A letter.



IX. DIAMOND



1. A letter. 2. A male swan. 3. Habits. 4. Firm. 5. An associate. 6. The legume or fruit of

any kind of bean. 7. A descendant. 8. A bush. 9. A letter.

* X. TERMINAL DELETION

(Example: TOTAL, samples; SECOND, ample.)

The road to wealth is broad and straight;
The byways to it none should scorn;
It welcomes those of noble trait,
And even those to TOTAL born.

The honest youth must have the will
To follow Virtue as a guide;
A SECOND act, or word of ill,
Must drive the mentor from his side.

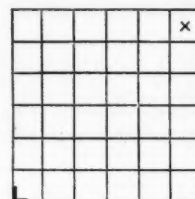
* XI. TRANSPOSAL

(Example: PRIMAL, depart; SECOND, parted.)

If buying antiques is your hobby,
Proceed with due PRIMAL, I pray,
For the prize that you buy at a SECOND
May just have been made yesterday.

* XII. PRISONER'S TRIAL

Pretend X is yourself (a prisoner in a cell). You wish to get out. There is only one door in this prison; in the corner opposite (marked black). You must go into every cell before you leave and enter each room only once. How do you get out?



* Answers to starred puzzles will appear next week. To III, VII, and IX, on January 14. They are harder and will take more time to solve.

United States

| | | |
|--------|---------------|---------|
| 50 | Different | \$.50 |
| 125 | Different | \$1.00 |
| 250 | Different | \$2.50 |
| 4,000 | All Countries | \$20.00 |
| 10,000 | All Countries | \$50.00 |

Ware, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET

Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (statue with pitchfork); Barbadoes (chariot and flying horses); Chile (battle scene); Egypt (pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (frenzied tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c this great packet will be sent. *Price's Peak Stamp Co., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo. Important:* If you act right now, we will also include free a triangle stamp, perforation gauge, and a small package of hinges.

BOYS SENSATIONAL 8c OFFER! 7 German stamps with (prewar) value over 40 million dollars (great curiosity); 1 fine stamp from *smallest republic on earth*; 1 airplane set; 1 triangle stamp; packet 25 diff. Hungary, cat. 50c; 1 perf. gauge; and last but not least, a *real pocket stock book* in which to keep your duplicates! The big 55 outfit postpaid for only 8 cents to applicants for my famous **Quick Service Approvals**. Big Price List 4c extra. **D. M. WARD** 695 Pierce Street, Gary, Indiana

COMPLETE COLLECTOR'S OUTFIT. Illustrated Album: 10 U. S. ships, trains, statues, etc.; 55 diff. foreign Kenya, Syria, etc.; pack of hinges; Perforation & Millimeter scale; all for 10c if you ask for approvals. Big list and special list of 600 5c sets Free. We tell you how to get free of cost! Scott Catalog, Imperial, Modern or Junior Albums and other fine premiums for a few moments' work. **George C. Llan Co., Columbus, Ohio**

FREE 100 ALL DIFFERENT stamps to applicants for Universal Approvals. Postage 2c. **Badger Stamp Co., Milwaukee, Wis.**

500 ALL DIFFERENT ONLY 25c many unused from British, French, Italian and Portuguese Colonies, Chile, Fiume, Guatemala, Persia, Siam, etc., to all approval applicants. Bargain lists free. **VICTORIA STAMP CO., LONDON, CANADA**

HOLIDAY OFFER: 1,000 diff. postage stamps, Scott's Bump, 1,000 hinges, perf. gauge and m. scale. Big List of Bargains, Free Premium only \$1.75 postpaid. **Rueger Stamp Co., 31 Cambridge Ave., Dayton, Ohio**

MOST POPULAR 12 beautiful Newfoundland stamps, 12 postage stamps. Includes 5 Caribbean issue, catalogue value 60 cents — all for ten cents. Approvals. **H. E. Codwiler, Melrose Highlands, Mass.**

FREE. Hungary Charity No. 565 to 567 and a surprise packet given to those requesting for my 1, 2, and 3c approvals and also my 50% discount and better. **Charles W. Schmidt, 3227 Benner St., Willsomining, Phila., Pa.**

FREE Bargain List: Stamps from Zanzibar, St. Vincent, Nigeria, Egypt, Ireland, their Malaya, 100 diff. and 2 old coins all for 20c. **H. Riemiller, 620 N. 12th St., Reading, Pa.**

"Precancels Exchange." Box 798, Wichita, Kansas. High Grade Stamps: 15 Swiss, 10c; 15 Dutch Indies, 10c; 15 Philippines, 10c; 15 Netherlands, 10c; 15 Mexico, 10c; 15 mixture, 10c. All diff. FREE—U. S. Price equal value.

50 varieties Scandinavian stamps and a free packet other foreign stamps. **PHIL LUNDSTED** Cape Cottage, Maine **10c**

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE—Big Variety Packet Foreign Stamps from all over the World with stamp Catalogues free for 2c. **Gray Stamp Co., Toronto, Canada.**

70% DISCOUNT Stamps sent on approval at 70% discount from standard prices. Reference required. **J. Emory Renold, Dept. A8, Hanover, Pa.**

25 Var. U. S. and 50 var. foreign free to all sending 2c for our medium priced approvals. Buckeye Stamp Shoppe, 131 Souder Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

COINS For Sale. California gold 3/4 size, 27c; 3/4 size, 53c. 100,000 German Marks and catalog, 10c. **N. SHULTZ, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO**

FREE 25 DIFF. STAMPS. To approval applicants only, enclosing reference and 10c for dandy packet of 25 unused stamps. Emery, Dept. Y, 590 Northcliffe Blvd., Toronto, Canada.

Free Canada \$1 stamp to Approval Applicants. S. Munday, 112 Irvine Ave., Westmount, P. Q., Can.

125 Stamps. Price 5c to all sending reference and asking for approvals. Reliance Stamp Co., Auburndale, Mass.

STAMPS 100 Foreign all diff. Free. Postage 2c. 1000 hinges 15c. List Free. **Q. STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

FREE STAMPS, hand painted P. C., etc., for 5c postage. **World Stamp Co., 1581 - 3rd Ave., New York.**

1000 Diff. Stamps 80c; 500 Diff. 25c; 10 Newf. 5c. A. C. Johnson, 196 Forest Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.

STAMPS, 105 China, Egypt, etc., 2c. Album (500 pictures) 3c. **A. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A8, Boston**

25 "Precancels" and copy "Badger's Precancel Partner" 4c to approval applicants. Vern Badger, Brookville, Florida

100 stamps for 5c to approval applic. Fr. Cola. included. **Eagle Stamp Co., 672 Hancock St., Portland, Ore.**

50 STAMPS FREE FOR ALL. Write to Stanley Albert, Box 529, Waterbury, Ct.

Free 200 Stamps from Kenya, Hejaz, etc. Net appr. Auburn Stamp Co., 733 S. Crouse Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

FREE! Vivid set of extra large Bavarian stamps to app. applicants. Postage 2c. **L. Bartlett, Jr., E. Walpole, Mass.**

15 Mozambique Co. Pictorials 12c to approval applicants. Comet Stamp Co., Wadsworth, Ohio.

Stamps to Stick

WOODROW WILSON HONORED—The issuing of a United States stamp bearing the late President Wilson's portrait—this new adhesive appearing in connection with the observance of the wartime Executive's birthday, December 28—is in response to public demand and to a request by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, of which Norman H. Davis is the head.

As readers of The Companion's Stamps to Stick column of November 26 will appreciate, the stamp comes somewhat as a surprise to collectors for the reason that it had been announced some months previously by the Post Office Department that it was improbable that any adhesives would be issued in 1925 because the department's facilities were overtaxed by reason of its expenditure of about \$450,000 more than the previous year for postal cards.



A science commemorative from Russia

A CHURCH VIEW—Germany's most recent pictorial, 5 marks, green, shows a picture of the Speyer Cathedral. The stamp has the wire watermark and is perforated 14. This imposing Romanesque edifice, in Bavaria, contains the tombs of a number of German emperors.

CANADIAN PORTRAITS—The Dominion to the north promises in 1926 a series of stamps which will carry heads of Baldwin, Lafontaine, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir John A. Macdonald. Except on the Quebec commemoratives of 1908 all Canadian portrait stamps have shown faces of members of British royalty, generally the ruling monarch.

A ROYAL BUYER—When King George of Great Britain, who possesses one of the finest collections in existence, learned of the recent discovery of a sheet of British stamps of the 4-penny value gummed on the obverse side in error, he had his agents go out into the market to buy four copies. The agents had to pay approximately \$20 apiece for them.

British stamps are prepared in sheets of 240 stamps each. So far as is known only a single sheet of the 4-penny was discovered gummed on the wrong side. Most of these had been actually used, by the firm that bought them at a post office, on mail before their philatelic value was recognized by the firm. The stamps were soon bringing from one to four pounds each in the collectors' market.

The error is easily explainable. British adhesives when typographed are printed on paper that is gummed in advance, but it is rare that a sheet gummed on the obverse side escapes the vigilance of examiners and inspectors.

The 1-penny lilac of 1881 and the 1/2-penny and 2 1/2-penny of 1887 exist with the gum on the obverse side, while the current 1-penny scarlet exists gummed on both sides. These errors add to the philatelic value of those stamps when in such condition, partly because of demand by specialists.

ICELAND PICTURES—Not since Iceland first issued stamps—in 1873—have there been any pictorials until recently. Heretofore the designs have comprised numerals or portraits exclusively. Recently postal rates were altered, and it was decided to print a new series instead of resorting to surcharged provisionals.

On the 7-aurer, green, and 50-aurer, green and brown, are depicted fishermen landing in the surf on the harborless coast of southern Iceland. On the 10-aurer, blue and brown,

and the 30-aurer, blue, appear a street and lake at Reykjavik, with the mountain Esja in the background. On the 20-aurer, red,



The first pictorial from Iceland for fifty-two years

is shown a view of the national museum at Reykjavik. These stamps were surface-printed at Copenhagen by the same Danish firm that has always produced Iceland's adhesives and are watermarked with crosses and perforated 14 by 14.

FINANCING EXCAVATIONS—Representatives of the Bolivian government have recently been offering to New York dealers some sheets of peculiar stamps that are unique in philately's history. These stamps were printed in Berlin, and stocks of them have been exported direct to the United States without first passing through the hands of the postal officials of the South American republic. In order to authenticate the issue, however, two hundred sheets were sent from Germany to Bolivia and there sold to the public for actual postal use.

Each sheet contains nineteen denominations, and every stamp of the sheet has also its own design, and the stamps are in varying sizes and colors. When the nineteen stamps are viewed as a complete sheet they form a design representing a device inscribed on the Sun Gate of the ancient temple of Tihuanaku. Thus, individually, each stamp shows only a portion of the entire design, yet bears a grotesque face reproduced from the Sun Gate.

The purpose of this speculative issue, which collectors are expected to absorb in large numbers, is to raise money with which Bolivia may finance further exploration work among its temples and citadels of earlier ages.

Meanwhile Bolivia has not forgotten that a century ago it won political independence. A centennial commemorative has appeared—15 centavos, lake, on white wove paper, unwatermarked, perforated 14. It was engraved and printed in recess in London, and is of large upright format and has as its design a portrait of B. Saavedra, Bolivia's president at the time the stamp appeared.

BIBLICAL PICTORIALS—In the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts we read how Paul was shipwrecked, and in the first, seventh, eighth and ninth verses of the chapter it is set down:

And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita.

In the same quarters were possessions of the chief man of the island, whose name was Publius; who received us, and lodged us three days courteously.

And it came to pass, that the father of Publius lay sick of a fever and of a bloody flux: to whom Paul entered in, and prayed, and laid his hands on him, and he was healed.

So when this was done, others also, which had diseases in the island, came, and were healed:

The 1-shilling 6-penny of Malta's new pictorial series bears a picture of Publius, "the chief man of the island." It will be recalled that Malta's 10-shilling pictorial of 1899 shows St. Paul after the shipwreck, and a figure of the disciple appears on the same value of the new set.

The other designs of this British colony's new pictorials are a head of King George on the 1/2, 1, 1 1/2, 2, 3, 4, 4 1/2 and 6-penny; Malta harbor on the 1-shilling; "Notable" on the 2-shilling; a Gozo boat on the 2-shilling 6-penny; Neptune on the 3-shilling; and the Megalithic monument on the 5-shilling.

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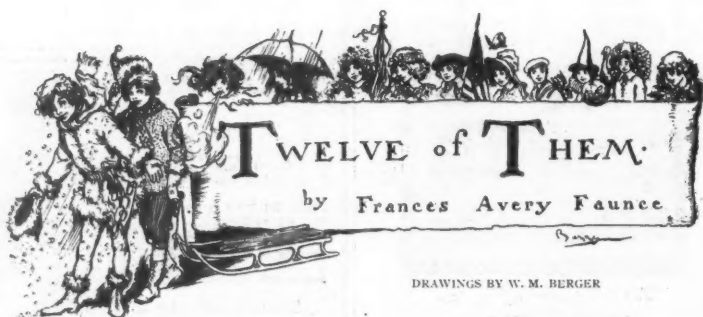
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CHILDREN'S PAGE



DRAWINGS BY W. M. BERGER

SOMETIMES wish I might let the merry month of May come first," sighed Mother Year, holding a calendar before her. "She is such a dear, willing child."

Father Time, who had dropped in to talk things over, stretched his feet out on the hearth before the blazing December fire. Then he inquired thoughtfully, "Well, couldn't you try it just this once?"

"Perhaps; perhaps," answered Mother Year. "But you can see what would happen. It would upset the months for always and always. Mothers would not know when to buy Christmas presents for the children. Farmers would be ready to harvest when no seed had been sown. The birds would build their nests at the wrong end of things. And the snow would not know whether it was supposed to be falling or melting. Today might as well be tomorrow, and tomorrow today."

Now Father Time was kept so busy tending to the Days and the Hours and the Minutes that he had long since given over the care of the Months to Mother Year, and she was as fond of them as any mother with twelve children could ever think of being. She would comb out young March's hair when it became tangled in the wind and laugh with October when the child came in from running over the ground with dry leaves.

Each Month was as precious as every other to her warm heart.

"Would you like to see them tonight?" asked Mother Year proudly.

"Do let them come in!" urged Father Time.

So in they marched, one and two, and three and four, 'way up to twelve.

Then, "Attention!" cried January, who, being the first child, had been made captain of their games. The eleven stood themselves in a circle with January and replied with one voice, "Sir!"

Of course it would have been more military for them to have stood in a row, but that would have put January at one end of the line and December at the other, when they really belonged next to each other, because, as you know, the new year always brings January close on the heels of December. That is why they stood at attention in a circle.

Mother Year looked them over with an air of pleasure. "Father Time and I were just wondering," said she, "whether you would all like to be shuffled about and go through the calendar a new way. November might come just before April, and February after August—any way for a change."

The twelve Months looked very sober at such a strange thought. "But," volunteered September after a moment, "we shouldn't be different ourselves; so what good would it ever do? I should have to have my own flowers and my own skies and my own rain just the same,



She would comb out young March's hair when it became tangled in the wind

And the twelve fell into regular line, such a swift line that they almost tumbled out of the room.

"Did you see the way March whisked through that door?" asked Mother Year when the last of them was out of hearing. "I do love the dears. I could never do without a single one."

"I know; I'm glad you decided not to change them," said Father Time, looking thoughtfully at his watch. "And now January will be going on duty in a few hours. A Happy New Year to you, Mother Year, and to all the children! Good night! Good night!"

"A Happy New Year to you, Mother Year, and to all the children! Good night! Good night!"



ALL IN A NAME

By L. J. Bridgman

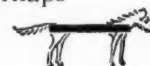


Said the little straight line,
"I am feeling quite fine
And make a real dash
On this page, I opine."

But the interrogation
In this situation
Stood up very straight
Till he made exclamation.



And the line looked so small
By this big sign so tall
That he said, "Well, perhaps
I'm no dash, after all."



Then the little straight line
Said, "I don't feel so fine.
Ah! Maybe I'm only
A small minus sign!"



THE DIFFERENCE

By

Pringle Barret

Johnny is a big boy,
Ted is very small,
But Billy is
So little that
He
Doesn't
Count
At all!



Father Time, who had dropped in to talk things over, stretched his feet out on the hearth before the blazing December fire





Have you ever envied a friend her "knack" at creating a charming home?

Or thought wishfully of all the lovely and unusual things to which the decorators and exclusive shops have seemed to hold the key? If you have, you will think you have come upon something just too good to be true when you see

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL FURNISHING ANNUAL FOR 1926

In this big, handsome book you will find photographs of rooms, and rooms, and still more rooms — each lovelier, it would seem, than the ones before it. But these are only a part of the story. To go with them there are floor plans, and furniture charts, and color plates of rugs, and hangings, and upholstery fabrics. There are chapters on floors and floor coverings, walls and wallpapers, interior woodwork, lighting fixtures — each and every item, in fact, that goes to make a comfortable, charming home, the kind of home that you want yours to be.

You'll be glad to have used this coupon

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Gentlemen: —

I enclose \$2.00 OR I will pay the postman \$2.00 plus delivery charges for a copy of The House Beautiful Furnishing Annual for 1926.
(Please note postage is additional on copies sent C. O. D.)

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Y. C. 12-31-25

Wouldn't You Like to Join Us In Helping These Boys and Girls?

MARGARET, Walter, and Ruth, whose photographs appear on this page, come from homes where fortune has not been so kind as with most of us. There are thousands of similar homes throughout the length and breadth of our country where lack of work for the father, large families of children, severe and continued illness, etc., have combined to make it impossible to supply anything but the bare necessities for the children.

Yet these are all bright children, eager to learn and possessing untold possibilities. With a fair chance they will grow up to be useful citizens. But much depends upon the next few years. Will you help to surround these young people with the wholesome influence of a magazine like *The Youth's Companion*? You can do this through

The Citizen Builders' Club

An informal organization through which *Companion* readers and others, interested in spreading the gospel of good reading, may contribute to a fund to send *The Youth's Companion* into homes like the above, where for financial or other reasons the family does not have the proper type of reading matter.

Good reading is one of the most powerful factors in building good citizens. Your contribution of any amount from \$1.00 up will be promptly acknowledged. Each contributing member will receive annually a report showing just how the money was used. In placing the paper, the Citizen Builders' Club will have the coöperation of established welfare organizations in cities and towns throughout the country. Every cent will go directly for the purpose outlined, the expense of administering being borne by the Publishers of *The Youth's Companion*, who will also add 25 per cent to the total fund as their contribution.

Start the New Year Right

You could not possibly start the New Year in a better way than to send in your membership blank with a contribution today. Here's a splendid way to use at least a portion of the money you received for Christmas.

The fund being raised by the Citizen Builders' Club also offers an excellent and deserving object for gifts from small groups, classes, clubs, etc. In addition to making your own contribution, won't you call this to the attention of such organizations in your community?

Membership
Blank

Secretary,
Citizen Builders' Club,
The Youth's Companion,
8 Arlington Street,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Secretary:

Yes, I do want to help those bright boys and girls. Here's my \$..... for your fund to send *The Youth's Companion* into homes where good reading matter is needed. I understand that this makes me a member of the C. B. C.

Name.....

Address.....



Margaret, age 12, is one of a large family where scanty income and severe sickness have made living a problem. Think of the possibilities in a girl behind a smile like hers.



Walter is 14 and one of five children. His mother, a widow, with poor eyesight which makes it almost impossible for her to carry on as breadwinner. Walter wants to make the most of himself "to help Mother."



Ruth is 13. Her father's work is irregular. There are seven children in the family, one a cripple. Misfortune has been a frequent visitor to this home. Wouldn't you like to help a girl like her?

